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A DAY IN THE EAST OF FIFE.

IN one of the fine mornings of the by-past month, I left St Andrews on an excursion, which I designed should comprehend three or four places with which sundry historical and poetical associations were connected. The sun towered brightly above the German Ocean as our little party drove out of the long and silent, but not unimposing street of the ancient city, and took their way along the open country to the west, where stacked fields proclaimed the triumph of a summer which has left even the querulous farmer not one word to say in its disparagement. As we went along, our hearts "rejoiced in nature's joy;" but it was not to indulge in fond musings over fine natural scenes that I, at least, had undertaken the excursion. My thoughts were with the days of other years, the desolate halls and mouldering sepulchres of men of name, and places upon which the deeds of a former age, whether good or bad, have stamped an imperishable interest. The first few miles of our drive presented us one of these places, which, however, we did not on this occasion stop to survey, namely, the scene of the assassination of Archbishop Sharpe. How strange it now seems, twenty minutes after leaving a populous town, to pass a place where one of the first dignitaries of the country was mercilessly butchered in open day! Magus Moor, famed as the scene of this deed, is now a mixture of corn-fields and thriving plantations; and almost the only feature of the locality which existed at the time, and still survives, is a solitary ash-tree beside the farm-house of Magus, the same which figures in a sculptured representation of the murder upon the archbishop's monument in the church of St Andrews. Another memorial of the deed is a small upright slab, erected, by Presbyterian hands, in honour of a Covenanter who, with five others, was executed at this place as an offering to the manes of the slaughtered prelate. This is now surrounded by a plantation, and is not easily reached. It is exactly one of those tablets of the wilderness which persecuted Presbyterianism has made so numerous throughout Scotland, and which, with all their heterography and doggrel, tell so strikingly, by their pure earnestness, on every pilgrim beholder. The murder of Sharpe was perpetrated by nine persons, some of whom were of the rank of gentlemen, between twelve and one o'clock, on Saturday the 3d of May, 1679. Though they remained to wreak their vengeful feelings on his body, and to rifle his papers, they all escaped unnoticed, nor were any of them ever discovered or brought to justice; but the deed was bitterly enough expiated otherwise, as such blunders generally are.

A few miles brought us to the rural village of Ceres, a pleasantly situated place, with a neatly-kept rivulet-bordered green, such as every village ought to have, though in our northern land this is the good fortune of very few. I had often heard of the burial vault of the noble family of Crawford Lindsay, as being a sight worth seeing at this village, and to this object we lost no time in directing our steps. Close beside a large modern church of homely appearance, situated on the top of a high bank, is a small tile-covered building, which the grave-digger tells you is the tomb of the Lindsays! It was once a wing of the church, with a gallery for the use of the living family above, but is now disjoined; and it is accordingly to something like a potato-house that the pilgrim is directed as the last home of a family of twenty descents, two earldoms, and a viscountcy—a family which has filled Scottish history with its greatness and its deeds, from the time when the "Lindsays light and gay" fought at Otterbourne, and two centuries before that time to boot,

down to Dettingen and Fontenoy. We entered this poor earth-floored shed—for it was nothing better—and there found a few objects which I shall describe in order. Beside the wall, on the left, lay a full-sized stone figure of a gentleman in armour, supposed to be a distinguished member of the family who lived in the fourteenth century. Excepting in being broken through at the waist, it was in good condition, and a faithful memorial, no doubt, of the accoutrements of a warrior of that period. It formerly lay in the church, from which it was removed hither nearly forty years ago. The only other objects of a conspicuous nature were two frames or cases raised above the ground on skids, and which contained the remains of John Earl of Crawford, the famous general of George II., and his wife. The lid of the larger case being raised, disclosed the top of a coffin covered with crimson velvet, and presenting a brass plate with the following inscription:—"John Earl of Crawford, born 4th October 1702, died 25th December 1749, in the 48th year of his age." The lid of the coffin itself being raised, we saw a close coffin of lead, in which it is believed the embalmed body remains entire. It was with feelings which I should vainly attempt to describe that I felt myself in the bodily presence of the gallant and accomplished soldier, whose history I had so often read—who, in the service of Russia, astonished even the Cossacks by his horsemanship—who, commanding the life-guards at Dettingen, cried out, "My dear lads, trust to your swords, and never mind your pistols," and charged to the time of *Britons, strike home*—who kept the passes into the Lowlands while poor Charles was staking all his hopes at Culloden; and on many other occasions acted a conspicuous part in an age of which hardly any living specimen can now exist. And his countess, the elegant Lady Jean Murray, who left him after only six months of wedded happiness, before she had completed her twentieth year, and whom his affection caused to be embalmed, and sent from Aix-la-Chapelle, where she died, to this place—what of her! A dusky, battered, metal cover, bearing the letters L. J. M., with a coronet, being lifted up from the case beside his lordship's coffin, we beheld beneath a quantity of mere rubbish, a mixture of decayed wood and bones, constituting all that now remains of "what once had beauty, honour, wealth, and fame," and was, besides, an object of the fondest solicitude to the best and bravest of men.

"How loved, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee—
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be."

A singular looking object attracting our attention amidst this wreck of humanity, the grave-digger took it up, and showed us more nearly what proved to be a portion of the skull, containing a piece of sponge which had been substituted for the brain by the embalmer. Think of the head of this young, beautiful, and many-titled lady, that head for which affection could once scarcely get a smooth enough pillow, now lifted and handled by the coarse hands of an unthinking rustic! The vault, so called by courtesy, presented no other objects but a small square case containing the intestines of the earl, and a few fragments of old tomb-stones, which had been taken from amidst the rubbish of the former church. Of all the other members of this ancient family buried here, no memorial remains, excepting three slab tomb-stones placed at the end of the vault on the outside, and which we found deeply covered with rubbish. Having got them cleared, I easily read upon one, "HIC JACET JOANNES LINDSAY DOMINUS DE BYRES," with the date of his death, 1562. The person referred to was John,

fifth Lord Lindsay of the Byres, who commanded the Scottish army at the battle of Ancrum Moor, and was the father of that fierce reforming lord whom Scott describes in such lively terms in "the Abbot," as forcing Queen Mary at Loch Leven to resign her kingdom by sternly gripping her arm. On the only other stone containing anything intelligible, I read the words EUPHAM DUGLIS. It was the monument of the wife of that savage lord, a daughter of the knight of Loch Leven, Queen Mary's jailor, and sister of the Regent Moray. Probably the other stone, as they were all of a size and similar in style, was the monument of Lord Patrick himself. These monumental slabs had once formed part of the floor of the church, but had been removed when that edifice was renewed in 1806; to such contingencies are the memorials of greatness exposed when a few ages have passed away. The line of these Lords Lindsay terminated in the great general above mentioned, who was fourth Earl of Lindsay, and eighteenth Earl of Crawford. Now that great family has no acknowledged male representatives, their lands are in the possession of others, and of their house of the Struthers, near Ceres, where they once lived in splendour, only a gable wall or two remains.

Having seen all which was to be seen at Ceres, we remounted our drosky, and proceeded in a westerly direction, for the purpose of visiting the old tower of Scotstarvet. Passing the modern house of Wemyss Hall, delightfully situated at the bottom of a south-sloping hill, forming a beautiful pleasure-ground, we quickly approached the ancient seat which we were anxious to examine. Scotstarvet is a tall narrow tower, occupying the highest ground in an opening of the hills, through which we obtain a peep of the fine vale of the Eden. It is evident that the situation has occasioned the name, for tarbet, or tarvet, is a Gaelic word for an isthmus, or passage between hills. The tower is conspicuous from a great distance, relieved against the sky as it is approached, and its appearance is the more striking by reason of an ash-tree which springs out of the battlements, like a feather in a soldier's cap. We found the tower, on a near view, to be one of those wonders, a building of the middle ages, as straight, compact, and sharp, as the day it was finished. It is merely a tower of three vaulted storeys, the two upper of which have been inhabited by human beings, while the lowest has been a kitchen. A winding stair, contained in a square projection at one of the angles, gives access to the various rooms, and to the battlements, above and within which rises an additional room, in the form of a small slope-roofed house. Large modern additions to the tower existed till about fifty years since, but have since then been entirely removed. I visited Scotstarvet as classic ground, though probably few who now live have the faintest notion of the connexion of the place with anything superior to the commonplace affairs of mortals. The owner of this house two hundred years ago was Sir John Scott, director of the chancery, and a judge of the Court of Session, a man of remarkable talents and learning, and an eminent patron of literature, when most of his countrymen were absorbed in barbarous controversies. To his munificence we owe the publication of an elegant collection of the Latin poetry produced in that age by Scottish authors,* as well as the production of an atlas of Scotland,† which he himself helped to prepare and to illustrate by historical matter. A man like this is as a light to a traveller in a dark night, or a

* Entitled *Delicie Poetorum Scotorum*, published at Amsterdam, in two volumes, in 1637.

† *Theatrum Scoticum*, in 46 maps, published by Hicau of Amsterdam, in 1654.

refreshing spring in the midst of a parched land. He flourished in public life in Scotland, from a period not long after the accession of James VI. to the English throne, down to the reign of Charles II., steering his way prudently through all the troubles of his time, and never wanting in the means to gratify his refined tastes. Sir John's first wife was a sister of the poet of Hawthornden, who often lived here. Amongst Sir John's other visitors at Scotstarvet, were Sir James Balfour, the Lord Lyon and author of the "Annals," the two Johnstons the poets, and Sir Robert Kerr of Ancrum, also a poet. Ascending to the bartizan, we found over the door leading upon it from the stair, a stone containing the sculptured arms of the learned knight, together with his initials, "S. J. S.," and those of Dame Anne Drummond, his wife, "D. A. D.," with the date 1627, being probably that of a repair of the edifice. Here, besides the ash-tree, which is rooted firmly in the building, we found a gooseberry bush springing from the wall below the battlements. The people, it seems, have a notion that, when this bush dies, or is removed, something very sad will befall the owner of the mansion.

The Scotts of Scotstarvet were considered the first cadets of Buccleugh, and for several generations were remarkable for ability. A grand-daughter of Sir John, marrying Viscount Stormont, is believed to have been the means of inculcating that family with talent, of which one remarkable example is to be found in one of her sons, the first Earl of Mansfield. The family terminated in General Scott, father of Viscountess Canning and of the Duchess of Portland; and the property is now in other hands.* Here, also, there was room for a fond imagination to indulge in musings over days and things gone by. I lingered in the dismantled rooms of the old chateau, eagerly endeavouring to realise the clever old knight and his friends, and reviving all I could remember of their intellectual labours. Could it be in this deep recessed window, where two fixed *vis-à-vis* seats still exist, that Sir John would employ his last days in chronicling all the disasters of the public men of his time, in that strange little book which did not till long after see the light, the "Staggering State of Scots Statesmen!" from which it was made to appear that scarcely a single man had held public employment in Scotland between 1550 and 1650, who had not, though for a time flourishing, come to wreck and ruin, or whose children at least had not done so. The tone of this book is sharp and biting; the venerable knight had himself suffered sorely under Cromwell, and was not too well treated at the Restoration; it is not very uncharitable to suppose that he might feel a slight consolation for his own misfortunes in contemplating those of his neighbours—a source of comfort often experienced than acknowledged amongst the children of men. However this may be, the Staggering State is a curious record of the personal characters and familiar actions of the men of that age, and conveys a strong impression to the reader, that its author, as he sat and talked in the flesh at his own table, or by his own fireside, must have been one of the most entertaining of companions. Drummond, too, in whose classic shade in Lothian Jonson had sat, must have often sat in the scarcely less classic shade of Scotstarvet, perhaps detailing to the greedy ears of his sister and brother-in-law the last visit he made to the wits of the south, and all the racketings he had with them at the Angel and the Mitre, or regaling them with some of the latest productions of the muse of Massinger, Ford, or Webster. Here, without doubt, he must have composed his whimsical poem entitled "Polem-Middinia," for it relates to a familiar occurrence at Scotstarvet, and looks entirely as if written the evening after to amuse the particular circle there assembled. Grotesque as the subject is, I could not survey the fields around this now desolate tower, without investing them with a lively feeling of interest, as I considered that they had once been animated by the rustic bustle which the slipshod muse of Drummond has there described. This poem is what is called macronia, that is, a mixture of two languages, the most of the words being Scottish, but wrought up with Latin, and put into an appearance of Latin hexameter verse. It relates to a quarrel which the author's sister, Lady Scotstarvet (Vitarva), had with a neighbour styled Lady Newbarns (Neberna), and describes a conflict which took place between the servants of these two gentlewomen, in consequence of the former endeavouring to put a resentful indignity upon the latter. Let not the gentle reader be unduly startled, when I mention that this indignity consisted in causing all the Scotstarvet dung-carts to be led past the windows of Lady Newbarns. The transaction is described by Drummond in a breadth of style suitable to the nature of the incidents, and it is not difficult to conceive the roars of laughter with which it must have been received in the hall of Scotstarvet, where the characters which it so ludicrously reflected were all of course intimately known. I am tempted to make an endeavour to convey some notion of this poem to the unlearned reader, by means of a few passages with an interlined translation. Vitarva first calls her forces about her, and gives them their commission, telling them that if

Neberna should come out and challenge them for what they did, she would warrant and defend them.

His adherent Georgy Alshmedius et little Johnus,
Here came Georgy Alshmedius et little John,
Et Jamy Richerus, et stout Michael Henderson,
And Jamy Ritchie, et stout Michael Henderson,
Qui jolly tryppas ante alios danare solent,
Who was accustomed to dance jolly trips before all others,
Et bobbare bene, et lausam kisare bonas;
And to bob well, and kiss the bonny lass;
Duncan Oliphantus, valde stalvarius, et ejus
Duncan Oliphant, a very stalwart man, and his
Fillius eldestus, jolly boyus, atque oldmoudus,
Eldiest son, a jolly boy, and an old-mouthed one,
Qui pleugham longo gaddo dryvare solent;
Who was wont with a long gad to drive the plough;
Et Rob Gib, wantonius homo, et Oliver Hutchin,
And Rob Gib, wanton man, and Oliver Hutchin,
Et plouky-faced Watty Strang, atque in-kneed Elshender Aithen,
And plouky-faced Watty Strang, and in-kneed Elshender Aithen,
Qui tulit in pila magnum rubrumque favorem,
Who bore in his bonnet a great red favour,
Valde lothius pugare, et hunc Cervogrevus heros
Very loth to fight, but him the Cervogrevus hero
Northendium vocavit, atque illum fortit ad arma.
Called Noll-head, and forced to arms.
Imperat hic adherent Tom Taylor et Hen. Watsonus,
Imperer here came Tom Taylor and Henry Watson,
Et Tomy Gilchristus, et fool Jocky Robinsonus,
And Tommy Gilchrist, and fool Jocky Robinson,
Andrew Elshenderus, et Jamy Thomsonus, et unus
Andrew Elshender, and Jamy Thomson, and one
Norland bonus homo, valde valde anti-covenantar,
A Norland born man, a dreadful anti-covenantar,
A Norland born man, a dreadful anti-covenantar,
Nominis Gordonus, valde black-moudus, et alter,
Gordon by name, very black-mouthed, and another,
(Deil stick it! ignoro nomen) slavry beardus homo,
(Deil stick it! I've forgot his name), a slavry-bearded man,
Qui pottas dicitavit, et amas jacerat extra,
Who clomped pots, and three out ashes.

The unsavoury procession sets out amidst great din, with Piper Law playing "the Battle of Harlaw" before it, and the insult to Lady Newbarns is accomplished—which lady, however, comes out in great rage, and calls forth her barrowmen and lads, and her jack-man, hire-men, plough-drivers, and ploughmen, tumbling-boys from the reeky kitchen, wide-breeked fishermen, and coalmen and salters as black and ugly as a certain personage, and also the servant-women—for instance,

Maggam magis doctam milkare cowenas,
Maggie better skilled in milking cows,
Et doctam sweepare floors, et siernere bodillas,
And sweeping floors, and making beds,
Queque novit spinare, et longa ducere theodas;
Who knew also to spin, and draw out the long threads;
Nanaseam, claves bene que keepaverat omnes;
Nanaseam, who carefully kept all the keys;
Yellantem Elipen, longe bardumque Anapellam,
Yelling Elipen, and long-barded Anapellam,
Eregio indutam blacko caput sooty cloot;
Whose head was signally clothed in a black sooty cloot;
Queque lanam cardare solet greasy fingeria Betty,
And greasy-fingered Betty, accustomed to card wool.

Neberna feeds her troops well, and sends them to the combat, which rages intensely on a field neither dry nor clean, and during which many incidents take place in the style of the Iliad and Æneid, until, as in the Homeric and Virgilian battles, attention is concentrated upon one pair of combatants, namely, a savage maid of Neberna's styled Gilly, and a carter of Vitarva's, whose name is not given, and who had offered a particular insult to her mistress:—

Extremis Gilly ferax invasit, et ejus
Quickly fierce Gilly attacked him, and
In faciem girnavit atrox, at tigrida facta,
Savagely prising in his face, and, tiger-like,
Boubientem grippans beardum, sic dixit ad illum:—
Gripping his trickly beard, thus said to him:—
"Vade domum, sithase nequam, aut to intericabo!"
"Gang home, ye filthy gude for-naething, or I'll be the death o' ye!"
Tunc cum geruleo magnum fecit Gilly whippum,
Then with a jerk Gilly gave him a good whelp,
Ingentemque manu sherdam levavit, et onnem
Ingentemque manu sherdam levavit, et onnem
And taking up a large sherd,
Gallantem hominis pash beardum benemariavit
Bourneat all the pash beard of the gallant man,
"Summe tibi hoc," inquit, amens valde operativum
"Take that till thee," she said, sweeting violently,
"Pro premio, swingare, tuo!" tum denique fieldo
"For thy reward, I then to the frightened fellow
Ingentem Gilly wampfra dedit, validamque novellam,
Gilly-scampfra gave a good heavy knevel,
Ingentemque iterum, donec his fecerat ignem
And repeated it till twice she made the fire
Ambobus fugere ex oculis; sic Gylla triumphat.
Fly from both his eyes; and so Gilly triumphs.
Obstupuit bumbeidus homo; lachrymque repento
Astonished stood the bumbeidus man, and suddenly
Turnavit vultu nunc bloodamet; et, "O fy!"
Turned back as if his nose had been bleeding, and, "O fy!"
Tunc quater exclamavit, et O quam fade pcesivit!
He three or four times cried, and O how dreadfully he sneezed!

Enough, perhaps, of this homely stuff, which, however, I may say in my own defence, a bishop was the first to give to the world. And so turn we the back of our droosky to the old tower of Scotstarvet.

Descending the slope towards Cupar, we had full in front the rich vale of the Eden, thickly bedecked with elegant modern mansions, amongst which the Priory, the seat of the late Lady Mary Lindsay Crawford (the last of the Crawford Lindays), shone conspicuous. Right opposite rose a beautiful wooded hill, having an obelisk on the top, to the memory of John Earl of Hopetoun, a distinguished soldier of the Peninsula. This is the Mount, once the property and residence of the poet of the Scottish reformation, Sir David Lindsay. We designed to climb its sides, and visit the spot where the worthy Lord Lion, King at Arms, had lived; but, on reaching Cupar, finding the distance greater than we had calculated upon, we were obliged to give up the intention. I may here, nevertheless,

state that, where the baronial mansion of Sir David once stood, there now only exists a farm-house, having two sculptured stones of the old house built into it, one of them presenting the initials of Sir David and those of his wife, in this form—

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the other presenting the arms of one of his successors of his own family, with the date 1650. The ground has been alienated from the name of Lindsay for more than a century, and now belongs to General Sir Alexander Hope of Rankellour. In 1806, a farmer of patriarchal age, who had dwelt seventy years on the spot, pointed out to a correspondent of Mr George Chalmers "a shaded walk on the top of the Mount, where Lindsay is said to have composed some of his poems. It was called, in the youth of this aged man, Sir David's Walk; and in 1801, when the woods of the Mount were cutting, the same venerable enthusiast interceded with Sir Alexander Hope for three ancient trees, which stood near the castle, and were known by the name of Sir David's Trees. The liberal spirit of that gentleman probably needed no such monitor; but the trees were spared. It is likely they still remain, and the literary pilgrim may yet stand beneath their shade, indulging in the pleasing dream that he is sheltered by the same branches under which the Lord Lion was wont to ruminate, when he poured forth the lays which gave dignity to the lessons of experience, and accelerated the progress of the Reformation."

In the thriving town of Cupar, to which we now proceeded, we went to see the castle-hill, on whose esplanade Sir David's extraordinary *Satire of the Three Estates* was acted in the open air during his life-time. The spot is now occupied by school-rooms, but it is still possible to form some notion of this open-air theatre and its assembled audience, grinning at the jests directed by pardoners, paupers, and sutors, by Dissait, Flattrie, and Wantonnes, against the vices of the contemporary clergy. In English literary history, the satire is a piece of some distinction, as the last specimen of the class of plays called *Moralities*, in which the chief characters were abstract qualities personified. Its clever railery is mingled with grossnesses of speech and act, the repeated witnessing of which by a king, queen, and court, cannot but excite the greatest surprise in the present age. When our horses had rested a due time at M'Nab's, we recommenced our journey, which was now almost directly homeward. In the course of the drive we saw a few more sights, not unworthy to be told to the gentle reader; but, like the sultaness Scheherazade, I am clear for not telling too much at once, and so, for the present, I make my bow

INSURRECTIONS AT LYONS.

SECOND ARTICLE.

CIRCUMSTANCES soon occurred to prove that the working-men of Lyons had derived no effective warning from their futile and blood-spilling outbreak in November 1831. The miserable tariff for which they had held out having been given up at the time with perfect indifference, a new plan was tried, with full consent of both masters and men. This consisted in the establishment of a tribunal, called *L'Institution des Prud'hommes*, and composed of an equal number of manufacturers and delegated workmen, whose business it was to arrange the scale of wages for regular periods. It was hoped that this council would prove one of amity and concord; but it speedily proved to be a very pandemonium of confusion and anarchy. The representatives of the working-men carried their prejudices and passions with them, and acted not as the colleagues, but as the constant and bitter rivals of the master-deputes, interrupting debates, and annulling decisions at will. A mob was, moreover, admitted to the place of meeting, and there hooted and threatened all who displeased them. Harmony was farther distant than ever.

Nor did the evil rest here. The disturbances of 1831 had drawn upon Lyons the attention of all the wild speculators in politics, morals, and religion, whom Paris or France contained; and preachers and lecturers of all denominations accordingly flocked to the unfortunate city. Before the outbreak of 1831, the weavers of Lyons had been remarkably indifferent to all sorts of politics and political discussions. A few months sufficed to change their feelings. As was to be expected in a place where so much ignorance prevailed, the adventurers who preached republican opinions found most converts in the workshops of Lyons, outstripping all their competitors, from Carlists to Saint-Simonians. Ere long, the workmen chose to have a newspaper purposely for themselves; and this journal, called the *Echo de la Fabrique*, had for its auxiliaries other papers, which openly advocated a revolution and a republic. By such combined causes were the uneducated weavers of Lyons worked up to, and kept continuously in, a state of frenzy. "The great weapons of the publications described were, of course, calumny and personal defamation. Any manufacturer or merchant who did, or even said, anything considered unfavourable to the cause of the people,

* Excepting the patronage of the chair of Roman literature at St Andrews, founded and endowed by Sir John; this remains with the Duchess of Portland. It is interesting to find the only connection between the descendants of this elegant person and the county where he once had so much property, is by a link of such a nature.

* Plimped.

† Blow.

* Mr Tytler's Scottish Worthies, Family Library.

was at once accused of every vice and crime, and held up as a monster to popular execration."

M. Monfalcon, the writer now quoted, states that, during the thirty months intervening between November 1831 and April 1834, "Lyons never at any time enjoyed fifteen days of tranquillity." The numerous and sometimes conflicting sources of agitation tended, for a part of that period, to prevent any great or combined movement towards a new insurrection. But at length certain gentlemen, calling themselves Propagandists of the Society of the Rights of Man of Paris, came to the city of Lyons to lend their generous assistance in throwing the confused mass of mischief into a proper shape, and in giving it an impulse toward its destined end. Under their auspices, unions were formed, and laws and bye-laws concocted. The two great unions were, that of the *Mutuellistes*, or weavers who had looms of their own; and that of the *Ferrandiers*, or weavers who had no looms. The constitution of these unions was nearly the same. The *Mutuellistes* had one hundred and twenty-two lodges, of twenty members each, and with a president in each. From the united body of presidents were formed twelve central lodges, each of which named three members to form an executive commission, which thus consisted of thirty-six members. This commission again resolved itself into a permanent directory of three members. Each member of the union paid five francs on admission, and one franc per month regularly. The money here was the important matter, fine though the lodge-scheme looked. The money was the thing which sustained such men as struck or wanted work; and the money kept up the *Echo de la Fabrique*, as well as the *Echo des Travailliers*, a rival which sprang up in due time.

Though dissensions soon occurred among these unions, yet they so far worked out their unhappy ends as to give a stronger aim to the mischievous elements existing in Lyons. From the middle of 1832, the city not only never enjoyed fifteen days of peace, but a month never passed without an open attempt at insurrection. These would have been much more quickly and decisively destructive than they really were, but for the wise measures taken by the French government immediately after November 1831. They then commenced to fortify the city, and in less than two years a number of forts, connected partly by entrenchments, had arisen around Lyons, while a strong barracks was built in the square of the Bernardines, commanding the always turbulent quarter of Croix Rousse. The erection and completion of these works, with the number of forces in the city, doubtless kept down the insurrectionary spirit to a certain extent. But it grew in strength and audacity till it became ungovernable. At the close of 1833, scarcely a day passed without a riot, more or less serious. Mingling political with commercial matters, the weavers publicly sang republican hymns at the same time with psalms about the tariff, the cry for which revived in double force; and "Down with Louis Philippe!" "Long live the guillotine!" "Down with the aristocrats!" were also common cries on the streets of Lyons.

In consequence of these mad dissensions, the silk trade was in a languishing state in February 1834. The natural result was, an inability on the part of the manufacturers to pay the wages given before. Blind to the fact, that their own previous insane conduct had the inevitable tendency to cause this fall, the *Mutuellistes*, by a majority of 2341 over 1290, resolved on a strike. Next day not a loom in Lyons was at work, the minority remaining idle under compulsion. From the 12th to the 22d, the weavers held out, making senseless and vain demands; but after the eight days had elapsed, they returned to their work, having gained nothing. But it was calculated one million of francs (L.40,000 sterling) were lost to Lyons during these eight days. And, moreover, a "great number of families left the town, and terror became general among the manufacturers. Most of them concealed their goods or packed them up and exported them, and then getting their own passports, hurried from Lyons as fast as they could. Considerable amounts of capital thus left the city. Some first houses were shut up and abandoned."

It seemed, however, as if nothing but bloodshed—bloodshed once more—could quell the mad spirit of insurgency in these ignorant and misguided men. On Saturday the 5th April, six men belonging to the *Mutuelliste* Society were to be brought to trial for various acts of riot. An enormous multitude of the weavers assembled in and around the court, and the result was an attack upon the assembled officials, from which the judges, the attorney-general, and the commissaries of police, only escaped by making their exit through a concealed door and a hayloft. A body of sixty foot soldiers marched out to check the riot, but though the weavers parted without further mischief, the discovery that the muskets of the soldiers were unloaded did much harm, leading the people to believe that the soldiery would not act against them.

Next day eight thousand weavers turned out to attend a workman's funeral, and in the evening the streets were crowded with men singing the *Marseillaise* hymn, and shouting republican and seditious cries. This state of things led to the instantaneous departure of many other capitalists and manufacturers from the city. It was now evident that Lyons was clearing, to become once more a field of battle. In the weaving lodges, the question was openly debated,

how and when a revolt, political and commercial, might be best effected. The actual determination to revolt was taken, and the workmen were confident of success, though the troops in the city amounted to 10,500 men. The rioters deemed the troops friendly, however, and there committed a great and fatal mistake. The 9th of April, the day fixed for resuming the trial of the six *Mutuellistes*, was looked on by the authorities as the perilous moment, and justly, as it proved. "On Wednesday, the 9th of April," says M. Monfalcon, "at seven o'clock in the morning, the soldiers were at their posts with loaded muskets, cartridge-boxes filled, their knapsacks on their shoulders, and with rations for two days. They were disposed in four separate divisions. General Fleury was at La Croix Rousse; Colonel Dietman at the Hotel de Ville; General Buchet at the archbishop's palace; Lieutenant-General Aymard, the commander-in-chief, at the square of Bellecour. At eight o'clock, M. B— informed M. Gasparin, the prefect, that the chiefs of the section of the Society of the Rights of Man were assembled at a house close by. He, moreover, brought a heap of republican proclamations wet from the press. A member of the municipality proposed the immediate arrest of men whose intentions were no longer doubtful to any one; but another member of the same body showed the disadvantage there would be in exercising such an act of authority before the commencement of hostilities by the insurgents in the public streets. It was therefore agreed that the republicans should be left to act.

At half-past nine o'clock, the mob began to fill the streets and squares. The authorities were again asked to order the arrest of some of the chiefs of the associations, who were abroad with the crowd. The answer was, "No! as yet they have committed no disorder, and the authorities ought to avoid even the appearance of aggression—they must not be struck before they strike." A man placed himself in the midst of the square of St Jean, and read a republican proclamation addressed to the soldiers and the working-classes. The colonel of the gens-d'armes, passing at the moment, tore the proclamation from his hands, and arrested the reader. Shortly after, the crowded square of St Jean was suddenly and completely evacuated; not a republican, not a single weaver was to be seen. The most absolute solitude and perfect silence reigned there.

But the insurgents had begun to raise their barricades in the street St Jean, and in all the streets and lanes that opened upon the square. The scaffolding and materials of some houses that were building—beams, planks, stones, carts, and overturned carriages—served to form these lines of defence, and the pavement was taken from the streets to be thrown at the soldiers. When informed that a second, a third, and a fourth barricade was thus rising, General Buchet ordered half a battalion of infantry and a platoon of gens-d'armes to clear the public way, but to refrain from firing until an act of open hostility was committed. A few soldiers and some policemen rushed against the first barricade, and attempted to overturn it; they were instantly assailed by heavy stones, thrown by the insurgents from the gates, windows, house-tops, &c. Here, then, was not only a resistance but an aggression—a carbine was discharged from the detachment of troops—the gens-d'armes commenced the fire.

During this time, the trial of the six *Mutuellistes* had begun. At the report of the first shot, the advocate for the accused, M. Jules Favre, stopped short; he could not, he said, continue to plead whilst the citizens were slaughtered in the streets. The whole audience was violently excited. M. Pic, the president, broke up the court. The next moment judges, magistrates, advocates, officers, and all, rushed pell-mell out of court, and endeavoured to gain their different homes before the scene of warfare should have time to extend itself.

A fearful combat now began. Barricades rose in all directions, and the soldiers fought hand to hand, with shot and steel, against the insurgents. The latter enjoyed, as formerly, great advantage from the shelter of the houses, till the soldiers began to blow up the doors with petards. The city was soon set on fire in various places in consequence. Hundreds of peaceable citizens perished in consequence, and when artillery began to play on the strong positions of the workmen, then the aged and the young fell alike. The insurgents were driven, on the first day, into the long narrow streets of the interior of the city, the soldiers, by whose side the authorities fought on foot, having carried every position attacked by them.

But the spirit of the misguided workmen was unbroken. "On the second day, they challenged a renewal of the combat at six A.M., by ringing the tocsin from St Bonaventure and other churches. The firing, however, did not begin till eight o'clock. The street warfare presented much the same character as the preceding day; but at La Guillotière the battle became still more furious. A multitude of working-men, placed on the roof-tops and behind chimneys, fired incessantly on the troops; consequently whole batteries of artillery thundered on that populous suburb, and soon wrapped many houses in flames. The main street was literally swept by the cannon. A large and beautiful house, situated at one corner, was set on fire—the flames rapidly spread from house to house, and in a short time all that part of La Guillotière was

nothing but a heap of smoking ruins. At another point near the hospital, the troops kept up a tremendous fire of musketry against a party of working-men who lay there in ambush behind a barricade. The balls rebounding (*par ricochet*), entered in at the windows of the houses, and wounded many females. At noon, the black flag floated over the church of St Polycarpe, at L'Antiquaille, at Fourvières, at St Nizier, and at the Cordeliers. The stunning tocsin resounded on all sides. Colonel Mounier, at the head of some grenadiers, ordered the destruction of a barricade in the street of St Marcel. The colonel directed the attack in person. He wanted to show his men how easy it was to carry such a defence; he jumped upon the barricade, and was shot dead by a musket fired point-blank. The death of that brave officer infuriated the grenadiers; they threw themselves upon the barricade, scaled it, beat it to the ground, and pursued the insurgents, who fled in all directions. A few of the soldiers saw some of the republicans seek refuge in a corner house; it was from that direction that the fatal shot which killed poor Mounier was fired. With blind fury the grenadiers rushed into the house, ran up the stairs, forced open the room doors, and discharging their pieces, killed, among others, one of the most honourable and esteemed citizens of Lyons, M. Joseph Rémond. Thus, the death of the brave Colonel Mounier was followed by a not less deplorable accident! Mournful results of civil wars are these, where the lives of so many innocent persons expiate the offences of the factious, who themselves often escape unpunished! During this day, the buildings of the College were set on fire three times, and three times the fire was extinguished; the library was threatened with destruction, but fortunately that rich literary treasure did not sustain the least injury. At the end of this day, if the garrison had obtained no decisive success, it had at least lost none of its advantages. The insurgents had nowhere gained ground, though they had fought with more obstinacy than had been expected."

It would be painful to follow this insurrection through all its details. The plan of action pursued by the military, consisting chiefly in discharges of artillery, was prudent as regarded themselves, but awfully destructive as respected life and property in the insurgent streets. The soldiers took care not to enter the long narrow streets, where escape with life was almost impossible. Four days the warfare continued unabated. On the evening of the fourth day (12th of April), however, the troops were in possession of nearly the whole city, and peaceable citizens began to breathe freely. Physicians for the first time dared to visit the sick and wounded. Still there was a little fighting on Sunday the 13th, but on the 14th the contest ended. On that day, the last lanes in La Croix Rousse were taken, and nearly every insurgent in them was shot or bayoneted by the troops. It was only then that the true authors of the evil were exposed to and met the fate which they had provoked.

By these six days of commotion, Lyons was left nearly in ruins. The destruction of property was enormous, and the loss of life also very great, though not proportionate. The results of the whole was an almost total stoppage of the silk trade in Lyons. Capital was taken from it to an immense amount, and its owners settled in more tranquil scenes. For years to come, the effects of these riots must be felt in the trading concerns of the city.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

JOHN KEPLER.

AFTER Copernicus and Galileo, the history of astronomy does not present a more illustrious name than that of John Kepler, the "Legislator of the Heavens," as he has been somewhat rashly called, from the splendid discoveries which he made respecting the movements of the planets. He was born in 1571, near Weil, in Wirtemberg, of which place his paternal grandfather was burgo-master. The father of the great astronomer was an improvident man, who left sober pursuits to be a soldier under the infamous Duke of Alva in the Netherlands: his mother was illiterate and of disagreeable temper. Being born in the seventh month, he was at all periods of his life small and of a weakly frame of body. His early education was repeatedly interrupted by his being put to humble rustic occupations; but his abilities, nevertheless, became so conspicuous, that it was resolved, more particularly considering his want of personal strength, to bring him up to the church. The education necessary for this purpose was begun in a school at Maulbronn, at the expense of the Duke of Wirtemberg, and completed at the college of Tübingen, an eminent Lutheran seminary, remarkable for its advocacy of the doctrine of the omnipresence of the body of Christ. There he took his degree of Master of Arts in 1591, on which occasion only one person stood above him in the list.

The professional prospects of Kepler were blighted by the freedom which he assumed in judging of religious doctrines, and particularly that which was so much a favourite with his college. Finding himself, for this freedom, abused as "a self-seeker, a hypocrite, a heretic, and an atheist," he was glad to accept an invitation from the States of Styria, to take the astronomical lectureship in the gymnasium at Graz. He was now in his twenty-second year, and had not as yet turned his mind particularly to astronomy, al-

though, at Tübingen, his mathematical teacher had been Michael Mastlin, an able man, who had given much attention to that subject, and is said to have been the converter of Galileo to the Copernican system. Kepler undertook the office, because he thought himself bound to become useful as soon as possible; but having, even at this early period, ambitious wishes, he thought proper to reserve his right to enter upon any more brilliant career that might present itself. Here, by his very first act, he had the misfortune further to inflame the divines of Tübingen against him. The delinquency consisted in drawing up an almanac for Styria, in which, according to the fashion of the country, he adopted the *new style*—a thing correct in itself, but for which Europe had been indebted to a pope. "The new calendar," said the Tübingen sages, "has manifestly been devised for the furtherance of the idolatrous popish system." Kepler, on the other hand, thought it "a disgrace for Germany to be alone without that correction which the sciences desire." This strange trait of jealousy in the German university conveys a strong impression of the keenness with which religious differences were felt in the sixteenth century.

Kepler had been well grounded at school in figures, numbers, and proportions. He had also given his thoughts to the "examination of the nature of heaven, of souls, of genii, of the elements, of the essence of fire, of the cause of fountains, the ebb and flow of the tide, the shape of the continents and inland seas, and things of this sort." Investigations of nature were then mixed up with superstitious notions derived from the vulgar, and genuine light was only breaking, in faint streaks, through the mass of ignorance and delusion. The Copernican system had been promulgated, but existed only as an obscure heresy, patronised by a few. Kepler had been taught by Mastlin to look favourably upon it; but at such a stage in the progress of new ideas, even powerful minds are apt to concede more to old and respectable error than to an innovating truth. Kepler had now devoted himself for some time to astronomy; but his mind was naturally ingenious and fanciful rather than philosophical in the proper sense of the word. His favourite plan of investigation, not only at this period, but throughout his whole life, was first to conjecture, and then to endeavour to make good his conjectures by laborious calculations shaped for that end. He was chiefly bent on discovering analogies in nature. The most remote things he endeavoured to reduce to some sort of resemblance. He was particularly anxious to find mathematical proportions in the orbits of the different planets, or rather in their spheres; for, as yet, each planet was supposed to be fixed or set in a hollow sphere in which it revolved. He first tried if their various distances were multiples of each other, in which he completely failed. Then, by one of those happy strokes of daring which distinguished him, he inserted a new planet between Jupiter and Mars, where it latterly has been found there is a group of small ones; but still this did not help him. In some subsequent conjectural calculations of a geometrical kind, he was struck by the appearance of a proportion between the circle inscribed without and that described within a triangle, and the orbits of Saturn and Jupiter; and following out this idea of measurement in reference to the other planets, he imagined that he had accounted for the five solid figures of geometry, and detected the secret of the planetary arrangements, whereupon his joy was boundless. In a small work, entitled "*Prodromus*," in which he explained his theory, he says—"The intense pleasure I received from this discovery can never be told in words. I regretted no more the time wasted; I tired of no labour; I shunned no toil of reckoning; days and nights I spent in calculations, until I could see whether this opinion would agree with the orbits of Copernicus, or whether my joy was to vanish into air."

As men," he continues, "enjoy dainties at the dessert, so do wise souls gain a taste for heavenly things when they ascend from their college to the universe and there look around them. He who has discerned the frailty of human affairs, will aspire heavenward from earth. He will begin to set less value on what once appeared to him the most excellent. He will esteem God's works above all things; and, in the contemplation of them, he will find a pure enjoyment. Great Artist of the world! I look with wonder on the works of thy hands, constructed after five regular forms, and in the midst the sun, the dispenser of light and life. I see the moon and stars strewn over the infinite field of space. Father of the world! what moved thee thus to exalt a poor, weak, little creature of earth so high that he stands in light a far-seeing king, almost a god, for he thinks thy thoughts after thee!" This sublime exultation was soon found to be premature, for the theory of the five solid figures did not prove true; but Kepler in time made it all appropriate. The ingenuity displayed in his little work was universally admired.

In 1597, Kepler married Barbara Müller, a lady of noble family, who would not ally herself to him till he had first proved his own descent from a noble ancestry. She possessed some fortune, which he expected would leave him at ease to pursue his favourite studies; but this prospect was blighted by a persecution of the Protestants which the Duke of Styria now commenced, and which led to the retirement of our philosopher from the country, after selling his estate at a great disadvantage. He condescended to intreat pro-

tection and aid from the college of Tübingen; but his heterodoxy on the Omnipresence forbade them to do anything in his behalf. His book had attracted the favourable opinion of Tycho Brahe, the celebrated Danish philosopher, who, banished from his own country, had found a refuge at Prague, where he pursued astronomical observations with a set of instruments far superior to any of the kind as yet in existence. Tycho's theory of the planets was allied to the old one of Ptolemy, and opposed to that of Copernicus. He wished Kepler to set his calculating mind in action on the Tychonic theory as he had done on the Copernican. He, therefore, with the sanction of the Emperor Rudolph, invited the German philosopher to join him at Prague. Kepler, at a loss for an asylum, and eager to have the benefit of Tycho's splendid instruments, consented, and he and his family removed thither in 1600. The association was not a happy one, for Tycho was proud, and Kepler, with a sufficiency of pride, was poor and dependent. But their quarrels were put an end to by the death of the illustrious Dane in October 1601, when Kepler was appointed to succeed him as the imperial mathematician, with a salary of fifteen hundred gulden per annum.

If this salary had been regularly paid, Kepler would have been a happy man; but the government finances were in a bad state, and Kepler could only now and then obtain a little money at the sacrifice of half his time in court attendance. To induce the emperor to continue to patronise astronomy, he was obliged to gratify him by acting as an astrologer, and he was fain to cast nativities for any one who would employ him, for the sake of daily bread. These proceedings, together with the countenance which he seems to give to astrology in some of his writings, have caused him to be represented as a believer in that false science; but, when his writings are rightly read, we can see that he regarded astrology, and the necessity he was under of dabbling in it, with the loathing of a virtuous and philosophic mind. Struggling with poverty, obliged, as it were, to dance before the Philistines for sport, delicate in health, and of weakly eyesight, provided only with rude and defective instruments, he persevered in his investigations of a science, in which, we must remember, some of the most important truths, as gravitation and the arrangement of the planets, were as yet unascertained. It now appears pretty clearly,* that, throughout his whole career, he also met with no small amount of trouble on account of his religious views; not that he doubted any of the prime doctrines of Christianity, but merely disavowed a particular local view of Christ's body in the Eucharist, and patronised the Gregorian calendar.

Notwithstanding all difficulties, he persevered as assiduously in his labours as circumstances permitted, and, amidst a thousand erroneous conjectures, lighted upon a few important truths. He gave out the mode of calculating eclipses which is still in use, and, with a camera obscura, was the first to observe the spots on the sun. It was a remarkable and noble trait of Kepler's character, that he was always ready to acknowledge any error he had committed, and to quit one line of investigation, proved false, for another. He was the most candid of philosophers; and to this may in fact be attributed in no small measure the success which ultimately crowned his labours. There was also great magnanimity in his nature. When the time came for publishing an elaborate set of tables which he had constructed from the observations of Tycho, the emperor Rudolph had sunk into universal contempt and quitted the stage of life. It might have been expected that Kepler, who was so dependent, would have courted his successor Matthias, by conferring his name on the tables; but he reflected that they had been prepared under the patronage of the late unfortunate emperor, and the *Rudolphine Tables* they accordingly became. The splendid discoveries of his contemporary Galileo excited only the admiration and attracted the friendship of Kepler.

It was in the course of some laborious researches respecting the motions of the planet Mars, that he lighted upon the two first of the grand astronomical laws which bear, and must ever bear, his name. Having attempted in vain to explain their motions upon the usual supposition of a circular orbit, he was at length led to surmise that the planet described curves of some other kind, and, going on from one step to another (to us the difficulties of such steps are unimaginable), he finally came to see that every difficulty vanished when he supposed an oval or elliptical orbit, having the sun placed nearer to one end than the other. He then determined the dimensions of the orbit of Mars; and, by comparing together the times employed by the planet in completing a revolution, or any part of a revolution, discovered his second law, that the planet, increasing its rapidity the nearer it approached the sun, went through the parts of an imaginary correct circle round the sun in the same times, so that, if there had been a radius from the sun to the planet, that radius would have moved with uniform rapidity. Kepler quickly found that these laws applied to the orbits of all the planets, and also of the satellites. He announced the discovery, with an explanation of all the speculations, erroneous and otherwise, which led to it, in a volume entitled *Astronomia Nova*, published in 1609.

In 1612, after the death of Rudolph, Kepler accepted

* Baron Breitschwert's *Life and Labours of Kepler*. Stuttgart. 1834.

a professorship in the University of Linz, to which he then removed. Not long after, he had the misfortune to lose his wife; but he soon replaced her with a second, by name Susanna Rettinger. By these ladies he had a considerable number of children; but all except two predeceased him, and it is acknowledged that no descendants of his exist. About two years after his second marriage, his peace was disturbed by a cause for which the reader will be little prepared—a charge of witchcraft against his mother. We learn, with feelings of an extraordinary kind, that during the ensuing five years, while engaged in those researches which established some of the most important truths in astronomy, this illustrious man had to give much of his time, thoughts, and labour, to the defence of an aged parent against one of the most ridiculous of accusations. At length, in 1618 (we learn from himself that it was on the 15th of May), he discovered his third law, that the squares of the times of the revolution of the planets are as the cubes of their mean distances from the sun; thus making out, not a musical harmony, as he once supposed, in these celestial objects, but a mathematical unity and fellowship quite as sublime and wonderful. This law was given to the world in a work entitled *Harmonices Mundi*, which he published in 1619, and dedicated to James I. of England. We grieve to say that in this volume there are also contained some of the most monstrous fancies that ever entered the brain of a living man; as, for instance, that the globe which we inhabit is a sentient being, capable of being roused to passion (storms and earthquakes being the expressions of its rage) by such offences as throwing a stone into a lake or a deep cleft, as a bull or an elephant would be roused by a straw tickling its ear. Nor was his idea of the analogy between the planetary arrangement and musical tones much less ridiculous, Saturn and Jupiter being represented in his scheme of mundane harmony as taking the bass, Mars the tenor, the Earth and Venus the counter-tenor, and Mercury the treble. The terms in which he speaks of his third law show, however, how deeply he felt a real triumph in science. "It is now eighteen months," says he, "since I got the first glimpse of light, three months since the dawn, very few days since the unveiled sun, most admirable to gaze upon, burst upon me. Nothing holds me; I will indulge in my sacred fury; I will triumph over mankind by the honest confession that I have stolen the golden vases of the Egyptians, to build up a tabernacle for my God far away from the confines of Egypt. If you forgive me, I rejoice; if you are angry, I can bear it; the die is cast; the book is written—to be read either now or by posterity, I care not which: it may well wait a century for a reader, as God has waited six thousand years for an observer." At the conclusion of the work he thus expresses himself: "I give thee thanks, Lord and Creator, that thou hast given me joy through thy creation, for I have been ravished with the work of thy hands. I have revealed unto mankind the glory of thy works, as far as my limited spirit could conceive thy infinitude. Should I have brought forward any thing that is unworthy of thee, or should I have sought my own fame, be graciously pleased to forgive it me." With reference to the opposition which his discoveries had met with, he adds:—"The day will soon break, when pious simplicity will be ashamed of its blind superstition, when men will recognise truth in the book of nature as well as in the Holy Scriptures, and rejoice in the two revelations."

After this period, Kepler chiefly devoted himself to the completion of the Rudolphine Tables, and to the steps necessary to accomplish their publication. The resources of the empire were at this time engrossed by the thirty years' war, and Kepler found the greatest difficulty in obtaining the means of giving this splendid production to the world. His own salary was also constantly in arrear, and he and his family suffered much at this period from poverty. Nevertheless, it was at his own expense that the types necessary for the tables were cast. This great work at length appeared in 1627, and completed his fame. Amongst the honours paid to him on account of it, he received a present of a gold chain from the Grand Duke of Tuscany, probably through the influence of Galileo. Soon after, by the permission of the emperor, whose patronage had never been steadily lucrative to Kepler, he attached himself to the service of Wallenstein, Duke of Friedland, the celebrated imperialist commander in the thirty years' war, who was at all periods of his life a firm believer in astrology. Wallenstein probably desired to have Kepler near him, that he might interpret the bearing of the stars upon his extraordinary fortunes, and it was no new idea to the philosopher to look to the false science for the means of studying the true. Although comparatively well supported in this situation, Kepler was anxious to realise a large arrear due to him by the imperial treasury, and for this purpose he went to Ratisbon in 1630. The fatigue of the journey and the vexation attending its ill success brought on a fatal illness, and Kepler died in that city on the 15th of November, in the fifty-ninth year of his age, leaving his family in very poor circumstances, though it appears that one of his children afterwards obtained payment of some part of his claims on the government. He was buried in St Peter's Church, under a tomb inscribed with his name, which not long after was destroyed in the course of the wars then raging; but, since the beginning of the present century, a very elegant monument has

been erected to this illustrious man in the Botanical Garden of Ratisbon, near the place where his mortal part reposes.

SUBJECTS FOR PAINTERS.

THOMAS HOOD, who, though not professionally a painter, has had no lack of experience in the sketching department, at least, of the art, makes a feeling complaint, in his own style, respecting the scarcity of proper subjects for artistic handling. He exclaims, in the verses headed "The Painter Puzzled"—

"In vain I stare upon the air—
No mental visions dawn;
A blank my canvass still remains,
And worse—a blank undrawn;
An aching void that mars my rest
With one eternal hint;
For, like the little Goblin Page,
It still keeps crying, 'Tint!'
But what to tint? Ay, there's the rub
That plagues me all the while,
As, Selkirk-like, I sit without
A subject for my tale."

Seriously speaking, though Hood touches on the point only for the sake of a jest, we believe that, in these days of ours, when novelty is at once growing more and more in demand, and more and more difficult of attainment, the painter must often be puzzled for want of good subjects. It also seems to us, however, that the difficulty might in part be removed, were artists oftener to turn their attention to the verbal pictures of the poets, and particularly those among them who have displayed invention and fancy in the highest degree. Wordsworth pointedly declares the callings of the poet and the painter to be one and the same—

"Creative art,
Whether the instrument of words she use,
Or pencil pregnant with ethereal hues."

Conscious of this, painters have no doubt resorted frequently to the poets for subjects; as, for example, to Spenser, whose taste for allegory and personification has rendered his "Fairy Queen" nothing else than a vast gallery of magnificent pictures. But it appears to us that there are other poets, rich in treasures of a similar description, who have, as yet at least, been in a great measure overlooked by artists. To one case, in particular, we shall point attention on the present occasion.

The "Hyperion" of Keats abounds in materials for works of art of the highest order. The fancy of that poet seems to have been vivid to a wonderful degree. Every form and scene described by him, is presented with such distinctness as to make it apparent that he must have been able, in the first place, to call each up before his own mind's eye in its minutest shades and lineaments. In "Hyperion," his fancy had to work on grand objects, namely, the Titans—the oldest gods of the Greek mythology—beings gigantic in form and terrible in strength. The opening lines of the poem present a noble picture, equal in many respects to Dante's sketch of Ugolino, which both Reynolds and Fuseli thought worthy of embodiment on the canvass. It is the portrait of the god-chief of the Titans, Saturn, whom his own son, Jupiter, had just de-throned:—

"Deep in the shady sadness of a vale
Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,
Far from the fiery noon and eve's one star,
Sat grey-hair'd Saturn, quiet as a stone,
Still as the silence round about his lair;
Forest on forest hung about his head,
Like cloud on cloud."
A stream went voiceless by, still deaden'd more
By reason of his fallen divinity,
Spreading a shade; the Naiad mid her reeds
Press'd her cold finger closer to her lips.
Along the margin sand large footmarks went,
No further than to where his feet had strayed,
And slept there since. Upon the sodden ground
His old right hand lay nerveless, listless, dead,
Unaccepted; and his realness eyes were closed."

The fallen giant-god—the gloom, the forests, the large foot-prints, the deadened stream, and the lip-pressing Naiad—these certainly form a verbal picture, at least, of a sublime order.

Comes there to Saturn a Titaness, a goddess of the infant world—

"With face as large as that of Memphian sphynx,
Pedestal'd, haply, in a palace-court,
When sages looked to Egypt for their lore.
But oh! how unlike marble was that face!
How beautiful, if sorrow had not made
Sorrow more beautiful than Beauty's self!"

She strives to arouse Saturn, but in vain; and then—

"In tears
She touch'd her fair large forehead to the ground,
Just where her falling hair might be outspread
A soft and silken mat for Saturn's feet.
One moon, with alteration slow, had shed
Her silver seasons four upon the night,
And still these two were postur'd motionless,
Like natural sculpture in cathedral cavern."

The genius of the poet seems to us finely displayed here, in his equalising the duration of their motionlessness, "one moon," with the grandeur of the parties. Proportions are splendidly maintained. Altogether, this scene seems to afford materials for a second great picture. Passing over the fine sketch given of the yet undispossessioned god of the sun, Hyperion, when, frenzied with dread of the fate which had befallen his brother-Titans—

"Along a dismal rack of clouds,
Upon the boundaries of day and night,
He stretch'd himself in grief and radiance faint,"

we come to another, yielding noble scope for the pencil of the artist. The band of the bruised Titans is described as lying in a dark and vast mountainous recess, in the state in which they were left at the time of their overthrow. Around and above them—

"Crag jutting forth to crag, and rocks that seemed
Ever as if just rising from a sleep,
Forehead to forehead held their monstrous horns;
And thus in thousand hugest phantasies
Made a fit roofing to this nest of woe.
Instead of thrones, hard flint they sat upon—
Conches of rugged stone, and slaty ridge,
Stubborn'd with iron."

The unfortunate group are described generally in imagery which may give to the painter a striking idea of their bulk and dreariness—

"Scarce images of life—one here, one there,
Lay vast and edgewise; like a dismal cirque
Of Druid stones upon a forlorn moor."

Fine descriptions, again, are given of the posture of individuals—

"Creus was one; his ponderous iron mace
Lay by him, and a shatter'd rib of rock
Told of his rage ere he thus sank and pined.
Iapetus another; in his grasp
A serpent's plashy neck, and all its uncurl'd length,
Dead."
Next Cottus; prone he lay, chin uppermost,
As though in pain; for still upon the flint
He ground severe his skull, with open mouth,
And eyes at open working."

There are others, some of them Titanesses; but we cannot carry our extracts further. If an artist wished for light to irradiate this gloomy scene, let him take another part of the poem, and he will find it. We shall give a long extract here; for it seems to us that every artist must be delighted with the manner in which the painter-poet has cast illumination on these fallen giants in their rugged retreat. Saturn had previously joined them, and the huge Enceladus is "on his feet," attempting to rouse them to vengeance. He cries—

"And be ye mindful that Hyperion,
Our brightest brother, still is undiagnosed—
Hyperion, lo! his radiance is here!"
All eyes were on Enceladus's face,
And they beheld, while still Hyperion's name
Flew from his lips up to the vaulted rocks,
A pallid gleam across his features stern:
Not savage, for he saw full many a god
Wroth as himself. He look'd upon them all,
And in each face he saw a gleam of light,
But splendor in Saturn's, whose hoar locks
Shone like the bubbling foam about a keel,
When the prow sweeps into a midnight cove.
In pale and silver silence they remain'd,
Till suddenly a splendor, like the morn,
Pervaded all the beeling gloomy steep,
All the sad spaces of oblivion,
And every gulf and every chasm old,
And every height, and every silent depth,
Voiceless, or hoarse with loud tormented streams:
And all the everlasting cataracts,
And all the heaving torrents far and near,
Mantled before in darkness and huge shade,
Now saw the light and made it terrible.
It was Hyperion!—a granite peak
His bright feet touch'd, and there he staid to view
The misery his brilliance had betray'd
To the most hateful seeing of itself.
Golden his hair, of short Numidian curl,
Regal his shape majestic, a vast shade
In midst of his own brightness, like the bulk
Of Memnon's image at the set of sun
To one who travels from the dusking East:
Sighs, too, as mournful as that Memnon's harp.
He utter'd, while his hands, contemplative,
He press'd together, and in silence stood.
Despondence seized again the fallen gods
At sight of the dejected King of Day,
And many hid their faces from the light."

Here is certainly a great artistical subject. The gloomy grandeur of that rocky recess, its giant occupants, Hyperion on the peak, with his encircling and emitted radiance illuminating the erect Enceladus, Saturn's grey hairs, and every salient point in the scene—surely all the accessories of a noble picture are here presented.

Turning from the grand to the beautiful, how many fine pictures may we not find in the gallery of the same poet! Look at this slight passing sketch of a lover and his mistress:—

"And as he to the court-yard pass'd along,
Each third step did he pause, and listen'd oft
If he could hear his lady's matin-song
Or the light whisper of her footstep soft;
And as he thus over his passion hung,
He heard a laugh fall musical aloft;
When, looking up, he saw her features bright
Smile through an in-door lattice all delight."

Again, if any artist is fond of personifications—though that style has become somewhat unfashionable, and pre-existing works do certainly occupy the field in some measure—what a delicious series of sketches might be made from the following four representations of Autumn, in so many different yet all equally appropriate positions!—

"Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,
Drows'd with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Sparcs the next sward and all its twisted flowers;
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook;
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours."

If any artist be partial to forest scenes, the opening of "Endymion" contains an exquisite picture of a Sacrifice to Pan, on the woody slopes of Latmos. The sacrificers and their altar must be passed over, but the open lawn, where the ceremony took place, is so

vividly painted, that, even in an isolated form, the lines will be appreciated. The poet speaks of "many paths"—

"all leading pleasantly
To a wide lawn, whence one could only see
Stems thronging all around between the swell
Of tuft and slanting branches; who could tell
The freshness of the space of heaven above,
Edged round with dark tree-tops!—through which a dove
Would often beat its wings, and often, too,
A little cloud would move across the blue."

This would make a variegated little painting by itself, were the green lawn, the dark branchy fringe, the blue sky, the dove, and the little cloud, all given as tastefully on the canvass as here in words; but from the poet might be obtained, as has been hinted, many other rich accessories, in the shape of "troops of little children garlanded," and damsels and shepherds, with the charioted Endymion, their pastoral prince, all aiding in the sacrifice to Pan.

In the second book of "Endymion," there is a description of Adonis sleeping, which contains materials for an exquisite painting, but is too long to transcribe. The description of the witch Circe, with her victims around her, transformed all to brutes, is also a fine sketch of another kind, though an imitation of old Homer—

"An echo of him in the north-wind sung."

But, indeed, were we to point out all the passages of Keats which might yield hints to painters, we might quote one-half of his poems. He cannot mention sun or moon, sea or sky, without noticing some feature of a picturesque kind; for he had viewed them all with the eye of a painter. For example, observe the passage where, addressing the moon, he says—

"The sleeping kine,
Couch'd in thy brightness, dream of fields divine:
Innumerable mountains rise, and rise,
Ambitious for the hallowing of thine eyes;
And yet thy benediction passeth not
One obscure hiding-place, one little spot
Where pleasure may be sent; the nested wren
Has thy fair face within its tranquil ken,
And from beneath a sheltering ivy-leaf
Takes glimpses of thee; thou art a relief
To the poor patient oyster, where it sleeps
Within its pearly house. The mighty deeps,
The monstrous sea is thine—the myriad sea!
Oh, Moon! far-spooning Ocean bows to thee,
And Tellus feels her forehead's cumbersome load."

General as the description here is, it might nevertheless give hints to the artist engaged on a moonlight scene.

It is not every poet, nor even every great poet, who attends so closely to the picturesque in nature, as to yield materials like these to the painter. Wordsworth, bard of nature as he is, examines her not so much to paint her beauties for the mere sake of their loveliness, as to extract from them some moral, bearing on humanity. Sir Walter Scott possessed a most inventive fancy, but it was bent and biased in a peculiar direction by his antique and chivalrous predilections. He is full of pictures of that description; and, indeed, in his case the painters have made liberal use of the opportunities placed in their way. To this subject we may take occasion to return.

THE TWO WAYS OF LIVING.

A STORY OF HUMBLE LIFE.

"WELL," said pretty Helen Thomson to her sister Jane, "I'd scorn to marry a man because he'd got a bit of money."

"So would I," answered Jane, in a quiet voice.

"Why, what are you going to marry David Cairns for, but for his money?" asked Helen.

"I'm going to marry him because I like him, and because I expect he'll make me a good husband," replied Jane.

"But would you marry him if he had no money?" inquired Helen.

"No, I would not," responded Jane. "I've seen enough of people marrying to live in worse poverty than they were in before."

"I knew you wouldn't," answered Helen, triumphantly; "and that's what I call marrying a man for his money."

"I might as well say, Helen, that you are going to marry Richard Mills for his legs; for I'm sure you wouldn't marry him if he had none," said Jane.

"Oh, that's quite a different thing," replied Helen, laughing. "Nobody would marry a man without legs. He couldn't earn his living if he had no legs."

"I don't know that," returned Jane; "he might get a very good living by begging perhaps. His want of legs might be a fortune to him in that way."

"But who'd marry a beggar?" said Helen.

"Not I, certainly," replied Jane, "if I can help it; and all I seek in marrying a man who has a little something to begin the world with, is to put as good a chance as I can betwixt me and beggary."

"Many that began with nothing have done just as well as those that are so over-cautious," said Helen.

"They may sometimes, where they have great luck," replied Jane.

"Luck!" said Helen; "why, look at the Davisons; what particular luck have they had? and yet how well they are doing; and I'm sure they had nothing to begin with."

"Why, they have had the luck never to be ill, for one thing," answered Jane; "and he has had the luck never to be out of work, for another. But suppose either of these circumstances had happened, and they may happen yet, how would they have got on?"

"Oh, if one's to begin by supposing all sorts of misfortunes," exclaimed Helen, "nobody would ever be married at all. For my part, I think there's nothing so foolish as always looking at the dark side of things."

"I quite agree with you," said Jane; "I am far from wishing you to look always at the dark side of things. I only wish you to look on both sides; for life will show us its dark side, Helen, whether we look for it or not."

"Well, it's time enough to think of trouble when trouble comes," replied Helen; "sufficient for the day is the evil thereof."

Here Jane gave up the argument, for although her mind was not convinced, the authority of the quotation was too much for her; and a few weeks saw her the wife of David Cairns, and Helen of Richard Mills. Excepting the simple circumstance that one had something to begin the world with, and the other nothing, the present situation and future prospects of the two young couples were much on an equality. David Cairns was a carpenter, Richard Mills was a mason; they were both good workmen, and both decent well-disposed young men; and amongst the neighbours, old Thomson was considered to have married his daughters very well. The weddings took place on the same day, the girls were dressed alike, neatly and respectably, as were their husbands; Giles Thomson strained a point to give them a good dinner after the ceremony; some of their neighbours were invited to tea; in the evening they took a walk in the fields, and at night each bridegroom conducted his bride to a tidy cottage, duly provided with such utensils and articles of necessary furniture as are indispensable to the comfort of a poor man's dwelling. Helen had not taken such serious views of life as Jane had, but she was a cheerful, active, industrious girl, and had every intention of doing her duty and making a good wife. Her cottage was as neatly kept as Jane's; Richard Mills had his meals as regularly as well provided as David Cairns, and she took a pride in letting her sister see that, although they had not the comfortable bit of money in the savings'-bank, they were in want of nothing.

"See what a nice new cloak I've got," said Helen to Jane one Sunday, as they met on their way to church; "it's a present from Richard; he gave a pound for it."

"It's a very nice one, indeed," replied Jane.

"Why don't you get one?" asked Helen. "Wright has plenty more, and they're quite a bargain at the moment."

"I don't think it is dear, indeed," answered Jane; "but my old one will do very well for this winter. Perhaps next year I may afford myself a new one."

"Pooh!" said Helen; "next year! That's always the way. I really think the more money people have, the more stingy they grow. I'm sure if Richard can afford to give me a cloak, David can afford to give you one."

"Oh, David would give me one if I wished it, I know," answered Jane; "but I don't. I had rather make this last a little longer, and save the money."

"Why, haven't you got ever so much money already in the savings'-bank?" said Helen. "Surely you might spare twenty shillings for a cloak!"

"But I had rather have the twenty shillings than the cloak, I tell you, Helen. Every one to his taste, you know. But I suppose Richard has been doing very well lately with such a rise of wages, and having constant work?"

"Yes," said Helen, "that's the way I got the cloak, and several other things I wanted. It's as well to get what one wants when times are good. By and by wages may fall, and then we could not have afforded them."

"It is right to get anything you absolutely want, certainly," answered Jane; "but I wouldn't buy things I could do without, merely because I had the means. I would rather try to lay by a little."

"Oh, lay by!" cried Helen. "What's the use of laying by the little we could spare?"

"But everything must have a beginning, Helen. When David began to lay by, it was with half-a-crown. Suppose he had spent it instead, because the sum was so small, he might have found the same excuse for spending the next, and never have begun at all. People in our situation must not wait for large sums, if they mean to save. You know the old proverb, *Every little makes a mickle*!"

"But, gracious, Jane," said Helen, "if, when wages are high, one is to lay by every farthing one can spare, there would be no difference between good times and bad times. They would be all bad times, and one would never have any enjoyment at all!"

"Oh, you are mistaken, Helen," returned Jane; "it would be much nearer the truth to say that they would be all good times. And, besides, if you have nothing to spare when wages are high, how will you do when they are low?"

"Why, we must do as other people do—as well as we can," answered Helen. "Besides, Jane, Richard likes to see me respectable; one doesn't like to look worse than one's neighbours."

"But what is respectable, Helen?" asked Jane. "If you mean clean and tidy, I agree with you; but I think an old cloak well kept, and worn from motives of economy, is more respectable than a new one bought with money that ought not to have been spent. And since everybody's circumstances differ in some respect

or other, why should we be guided by our neighbours? Besides, suppose our neighbours are imprudent, is that any reason why we should be imprudent too?"

When people are worsted in an argument, and begin to feel that they are wrong, they very commonly take refuge in a little bit of ill temper, by way of putting an end to the discourse, and getting out of the dilemma; and thus did Helen, saying impatiently—"Well, my goodness! what's the use of making such a fuss about the cloak; what's done can't be undone. Wright won't return my twenty shillings and take back the cloak, if I go on my knees to him; so do let's hear no more about it!" But Helen knew very well in her heart that it was not the individual cloak that Jane was "making such a fuss about," but the general principle of economy and saving that she wished to enforce; and although she scarcely acknowledged it even to herself, she was perfectly aware that her sister was right.

"Jane thinks it very extravagant of us to have bought this cloak," said she to her husband. "She says I ought to have worn my old one, and laid by the money." Richard was not more conceited or self-opinionated than men in general; but few people relish advice and interference with respect to their private conduct or domestic affairs, unless it is very delicately administered; so he answered that Jane should mind her own business.

"We don't find fault with her old cloak, and she need not find fault with your new one," said he. "If I had borrowed the money of her to pay for the cloak, she might have had a right to say something; but as I earned it by my own labour, I think I had a right to spend it as I pleased."

Whether Richard was right or wrong in this view of the case, we need not stop to inquire, but shall proceed with our story. Things went on tolerably well for some time, and to all appearance one sister was as well off as the other; for Jane, by good management and industry, and taking care to make everything go as far as it would, contrived that the little weekly sum that was laid by should never be missed. David always had his meals in comfort and sufficiency, and always found his cottage clean, and his wife and little girl (for each sister had become a mother) neat and tidy. And what more had Richard! Nothing that it would be easy to name. The money that was saved in one household without appearing to entail any perceptible privation, was spent in the other without producing any perceptible enjoyment; and this shows what may be done by good management and strict economy—economy without niggardiness, we mean; for if Jane had made her husband's home uncomfortable through her desire to save, she would have lost more than she gained. It is true the sum laid by was small—it could not be otherwise; but if, at the end of a month, there was a sum of ten shillings to carry to the bank—accumulated at the rate of half-a-crown a week—what a wide difference there was between having it, without having suffered any sensible privation to obtain it, and having spent it without having anything to show for it, or being able to recall any particular pleasure or advantage its outlay had procured!

It seemed a piece of great good luck, that just as winter was coming on, and work not likely to be so plenty, Richard got a job about thirty miles from home; a gentleman named Halford, who was about to be married, was in haste to get some alterations made about his house, and an extra number of hands being required, Richard applied and obtained employment; but before Helen had well done rejoicing at their good fortune, news came that Richard had had a fall, and had broken his leg. The gentleman, however, who had employed him, acted very generously; he took him into his house, provided him with medical attendance, and desired that his wife should be sent for to remain with him till he was well enough to be moved. Helen went, and tended him carefully, until he was in a fit condition to be laid in a waggon and carried home, and then both she and Richard felt that it would not be right to encroach longer on the charity of their host.

There was every reason to hope that, with due care and rest, Richard would recover, and his damaged limb be as useful, if not quite as ornamental, to him as before the accident; but as Helen sat, with her child on her lap, watching his pale face, whilst the waggon crept slowly along the road, care sat upon her brow, and ever and anon a sigh bore evidence to the uneasy thoughts that weighed heavily upon her heart. Where was their daily bread to come from now! And as her eyes fell upon the cloak, now worn and past its beauty, which had furnished the occasion of Jane's first lecture, a pang of remorse shot through her heart. "Ay," thought she, "had I begun to save then, we might by this time have had money enough to maintain us till Richard is able to work again, without being obliged to anybody." *Obliged to anybody!* and who could she look to be obliged to but the parish or her sister! "Never! no, never!" murmured Helen, as her heart swelled, and her cheek flushed, and the tears started to her eyes; "I'll eat my fingers before anybody shall know that we are in want!"

It is very easy to say such things: we shall see how Helen acted upon this very self-applauding expectation. "What's the matter, Jane?" said David Cairns to his wife one evening. "What are you looking so grave about?"

"I was thinking of my sister and her husband," replied Jane. "Richard seems to get on but very slowly."

"Oh, but he'll do very well. I saw the doctor this evening as I came from work, and he says everything's going on quite right; there's no occasion to be uneasy."

"It is not about his leg, exactly, that I am uneasy," responded Jane; "I daresay it will get well in time, as the doctor says; but it's because I can't make out how they are living."

"Living!" replied David; "why, didn't Helen say that Mr Halford had given them money enough to keep them till Richard could work again?"

"She said he had behaved very generously to them," answered Jane; "and when I asked her what they were to do if Richard was long out of work, she told me I need not be uneasy, they should do very well; but I am uneasy though, for I can read Helen's countenance, and however she tries to carry it off, I can see she is very unhappy."

"Pooh!" said David; "that's all fancy. Why should she say they are well off if they are not?"

"From pride," answered Jane. "Helen's very proud, and I know she would rather suffer anything than own she was in want, especially to me."

David did not comprehend this so clearly as his wife did; but one thing he did comprehend, which was, that if Helen and her husband got into difficulties, there was no one to help them out of them but himself; and as he had no desire to be called upon to make such a sacrifice, he was by no means inclined to yield belief to Jane's suspicions, or to encourage them in her. Not that David was an unusually selfish or unfeeling man, but he had earned his money hardly; he had the prospect of a little family to provide for; he looked to the possible accidents of illness or want of work that might happen to himself, and he set a proportionate value on the little store that was his anchor of hope in the event of storms or reverses. So, whenever Jane made an attempt to introduce the subject, David threw cold water on it, recommending her not to pry into her sister's affairs, or persist in believing people in distress who declared they were not so; and as Helen's lips remained closed on the subject of their finances, Jane was obliged to keep her uneasiness and her suspicions to herself. All she could do was frequently to carry some little delicacy or mess of nourishing food to Richard, which, she said, she was sure would do him good, and which, she might have added, he seemed very much in want of; for Richard gained strength but slowly; which was the more unfortunate, as spring was coming on, and there was good prospect of plenty of work.

A man needs all his strength and activity to work as a mason; he has heavy weights to carry and long ladders to climb; and as long as stout hale workmen were to be had, Richard did not find it so easy a matter to get a job as he used to do. However, he got what he could, and worked his best; which was, indeed, very necessary, for Helen expected to be confined in June. Jane took care that she should want for nothing during her illness, and Helen silently, and, perhaps, rather sullenly, accepted her attentions—for Helen was an altered woman. She had been a thoughtless girl and a thoughtless young wife, but there was now an air of recklessness and sullen defiance about her, that occasioned Jane the deepest distress. Richard, on the contrary, seemed depressed, ill, and discouraged, but he made no complaints, and was as impenetrable to Jane as Helen was. This time, Helen gave birth to a little boy, and in the following autumn, Jane made her husband a similar present. Helen made little effort to return the attention she had received. She called once to see the child, and inquire how her sister was; but, she said, "she had enough to do at home to look after her own two brats, to have time for gadding." Jane said nothing, but she turned and looked in her face when she used the word *gadding*, and Helen blushed. "Besides," said she, with an affectation of gaiety, "I can be of no use to you, such rich people as you are," and she cast her eyes round on all Jane's little comforts—"you want for nothing that poor people like us can send you."

"No, I am thankful, I want for nothing," replied Jane; "but that is no reason I should not wish to see my sister; but, Helen, there's many a true word spoken in jest, and now the ice is broken, I can't help saying that I am afraid you and Richard are really poor; at least that you are not so well off as you pretend to be."

"Pooh!" said Helen; "you think nobody well off that has not got money in the savings'-bank; but if people have enough to eat every day in the year, what does it signify?"

"Not much, perhaps, if they always have enough," answered Jane; "though there was a time, Helen, when you looked to something more than having enough to eat," and she glanced at Helen's worn and faded cotton gown and scanty shawl. "But have you enough to eat, sister, every day in the year? Carry it off as you will, I can't help fearing that you have not, nor Richard either."

"Does Richard complain?" asked Helen, almost fiercely interrupting her sister.

"Oh, no," answered Jane, "never by words; but his looks complain, and so do yours. Those pale cheeks and hollow eyes, Helen!"

"Just because I'm nursing," interrupted Helen, peevishly. "Little Dick's such a hungry child that he drags me to death—and so, by the by, I must run, for I daresay he's squalling long before this, and little Jane won't know how to pacify him. He came into the world hungry, and I believe he has been hungry ever since," and with a forced laugh away ran Helen.

"I'm afraid he has," thought Jane, with a sigh, as she looked after her sister. "Poor little Dick!—by and by, when he is weaned, I can often get him here and give him a meal, as I do little Jane, without Helen's knowing anything about it."

And so she did; but Helen did know about it, though she affected ignorance; and, in her heart, she was glad, and even obliged too, although she would not have owned it. When her children went to their beds with full stomachs, Richard and she lay down in their better able to endure the cravings of their own empty ones.

The ensuing winter was very damp and close. There

was scarcely any frost, and the poor rejoiced, for they needed less fuel; but when the spring came, a fever broke out, and being very rife in the quarter where the Cairns family lived, David caught it, and was laid up for several weeks. Had they had nothing to fall back upon, this would have embarrassed them sadly; but they had a comfortable sum in the savings-bank, and ten pounds of this, discreetly used, carried them through David's illness, and by enabling Jane to purchase him nourishing wholesome food afterwards, soon sent him back to his work a hale and cheerful man, leaving them both more determined to be careful for the future than ever, after thus experiencing the benefits of frugality and forethought.

It may be supposed that during David's illness Jane had no time for visiting her sister, and as her sister seldom visited her, their intercourse became less and less. But as soon as David was recovered, and they were out of their troubles, she seized her first moment of leisure to go and see how Helen and her children were getting on. When she arrived at the door, and lifted the latch, she found it was locked, but she heard the voices of both the children crying within.

"Where's your mammy, Janey?" said she to the little girl through the door.

"Mammy's out," replied the child.

"Has she been long gone?" inquired Jane.

"I don't know," said the child, sobbing; whilst Dicky roared loud enough to crack his windpipe. Not liking to leave them in that state, Jane tried to pacify them by talking to them through the door, and resolved to wait, if she could, till Helen returned; but Helen stayed so long that she found it impossible; so, leaving the bread and jam she had brought for the children with the next neighbour, she bent her way homewards.

"Where can Helen be away so long at this time of day?" thought Jane, as she turned from the door. "Ah! there was a time when she would not have left her children there to cry alone, poor little things." But she had not gone far before, in turning the corner of a street, she almost ran against her sister and her husband, whose loud voices, before they saw her, proclaimed that they were at angry words. Helen's cheek was flushed, her dress was slatternly, and not over clean, whilst Richard looked thin, wan, and dejected. They both started on perceiving it was Jane, and were evidently both confused; but Helen looked defiance to the conclusions her sister might draw from what she saw and heard, whilst Richard looked really humbled and abashed.

"I have been to your house," said Jane, "but I could not get in, and I left the poor children crying for you."

"We have been to receive some money," answered Helen—and as she spoke she chinked a few shillings in her hand with an assumed air of negligence—"and we were detained longer than we expected."

"I'll go back with you," said Jane, "for I am anxious to see the children. I haven't seen them these six weeks. I suppose Dicky's grown a fine boy."

"Middling," said Helen; "I don't think he thrives much; he's not half as forward as Janey was at his age."

"No wonder," murmured Richard in an under tone; but Helen gave him a look that stopped his mouth. He said nothing more, and Helen said nothing either, except in answer to Jane's inquiries; and she walked on with an air that did not seem to betoken a very hearty welcome to her sister. However, Jane was determined to see the children; and when Helen unlocked the door, uninvited she followed her in; but as she crossed the threshold, and caught a view of the rooms on either side, for both were open, she started with dismay at the picture of desolation that met her view. The parlour, which had once been prized, was perfectly bare; not an article of furniture remained in it; and the other room did not present a much more promising aspect. The bed was gone; but that Jane hoped had been replaced up stairs; and nearly everything else was gone too; in short, it was too evident that every article that could by any possibility be dispensed with had been removed. Whither? Alas! Jane guessed too well; they had been sold or pledged to furnish the means of subsistence. Richard silently drew forward a little three-legged stool—for chair there was none—and offered it to Jane, who, knowing Helen's proud spirit, did not dare to give utterance to the grief she felt, but taking little Dick in her arms, she hid her tearful eyes in the poor baby's bosom, whilst Helen tried to carry off her confusion by affecting to scold little Jane, whose naturally pretty face was scarcely recognisable for dirt and tears, because, during her mother's absence, she had dragged her silk cloak—the silk cloak, now little better than a faded rag—from the peg it hung upon, and putting it over her own shoulders, had been trailing it over the wet and dirty floor. What an air of discomfort there was over everything inanimate the room contained, and what traces of dissatisfaction and anxiety pervaded the features of those assembled there! What a home! How unlike the picture that the two sisters had imagined to themselves as the home of their husbands! Helen saw this, and felt it no less than Jane, as many reminiscences of air-built castles and cheerful anticipations crowded on her mind; but they presented themselves accompanied by remorse and self-reproach; and instead of allowing them to soften the growing spirit of hardness and recklessness that was stealing over her once frank and ingenuous temper, she dashed them ferociously from her mind, and laying to her heart that ill comfort—ill comfort, we mean, where our misfortunes are of our own seeking—"there are plenty others as badly off as we, and it is no use grieving over what can't be helped," she sunk her pride and her self-respect to the level of her fortunes, and made no further struggle to retrieve either.

In her prosperous days, Helen had found plenty of time to keep her house and furniture in order, to mend and make her husband's clothes, and to look well after her children too; but now, although the furniture was gone, and the house was bare, there seemed to have been no time to attend to the wants of husband or children either. Her pride in them and in herself was gone; Richard's decent wardrobe diminished by degrees, seldom arrested on its road to ruin by needle or thread; the children

would scarcely have had clothes to cover them but for the kind care of their aunt; and, as they lay, their unwashed faces and ragged heads, as they lay wallowing in the dirt before the door, instead of being sent to school, betokened no maternal tending, and showed too plainly the commencement of the first chapter in the records of their progress to destruction.

But had Richard no work? Yes, he had some, though not such good jobs or high wages as when he was a stout, hale, decent-looking man, and a steady workman. Still, there was enough earned to keep things together better than they were kept; but, alas! the vice, the cruel vice, the offspring and the cause of destitution, was twining its insidious snares around them, and precipitating their downward course. The craving, unsatisfied stomachs, the gnawing self-reproach, the despoiled cottage, the ill-clothed bodies, the comfortless present and the hopeless future, were working their usual effects, and conducting these victims of improvidence to their last stage of degradation and ruin—the gin shop and the public-house. This road to perdition, once entered upon, we need not say how fast it was travelled; down, down they went. A stone may rest secure for ever on the summit of a hill, but let some mischievous hand once urge it over the edge of the declivity, and how rapid is its descent!

At length, one morning the whole family disappeared, and Helen left word for her sister that Richard was going to look elsewhere for work. They left some small debts, which, as they were owing to very poor people, Jane and her husband paid, the cottage being found divested of every article that could be converted into money.

Jane shed many tears over her sister's departure, and the lamentable causes that had led to it. The poor children, too. What was to become of them? The fate of the unhappy family was as deplorable as these fears anticipated. Surrounded by a thousand temptations in London, to which they proceeded, and untrained to resist them, Dick went through various grades of vice, and was finally charged with an offence, and committed to jail. The father sunk and died, partly from distress of mind, and partly from the intemperate habits in which he had indulged. Helen was now desolate, with her daughter Jane, who, though guiltless of any error, shared the disgrace of the family, and could procure no means of earning a livelihood. Helpless, indeed, is poverty without character!

What was to be done? At last, Helen resolved that she would travel back to Fernfield with Jane, begging their way along the road, and if her sister would take charge of the girl, which she did not doubt, she would then return to London by herself, in order to earn a subsistence as she best could. So they started. Fortunately, the season was favourable, and the weather fine; and although they had often empty stomachs, and sometimes not wherewith to pay their lodging, yet the wholesome air, and the bright sky, and the green fields, contrasted so pleasantly with the dark alleys and wretched streets which they had long frequented, that their heavy hearts were cheered by the change; and many a time Helen had to hasten Jane, who was lingering behind, entranced with delight at recognising again the wild flowers she had gathered in her childhood.

Helen had determined not to see her sister, nor even to enter the town; she proposed getting somebody to guide Jane to the house, and then, without announcing her intention, to set off immediately on her return to London.

With this intention she lingered about the outskirts of the town till dusk, and then they drew nearer, and she looked about for somebody to whom she could intrust the girl. Jane, however, said that she wanted no guide. "I remember the house and the street as well as if I'd left it but yesterday," said she. "See, mother, there are the Fairley Meadows, and that's the way to the old mill, and that's the lane that leads to church; but there's a pretty house—I don't remember that house."

"No," answered Helen; "that house is new; it wasn't here in our time. But if you are sure you know your way, you shall go to your aunt's alone; that will be better than asking one to guide you."

"But, mother," said Jane, "suppose aunt and uncle shouldn't live here now; it's a long while ago; perhaps they've moved."

Helen thought this unlikely; but as she intended to depart as soon as her daughter left her, it was important to ascertain this point, lest the poor girl should find herself a friendless stranger in the place; so she inquired of a lad who was passing, with a spade on his shoulder, if David Cairns, the carpenter, and his wife, still lived there. The boy said he did not know them.

"They lived in Well Street," said Helen, "at number five."

"They don't live there now, then," said he, "for that's where mother lives, and I never heard her speak of them." In short, he knew nobody of the name of Cairns, except farmer Cairns, that he worked for; he lived in the new house hard by.

Hereupon a labourer came past, and was applied to for information. "If it's Mr Cairns you want," said he, looking hard at the two women, "you haven't far to go. That's his house, and he's one of the overseers of the poor, if that's what you're looking for."

"But the person I mean was a carpenter," said Helen.

"Well, it's the same," answered the man. "David Cairns, that married Jane Thomson. He was a carpenter once, but he's a farmer now, and an overseer; and that's his house;" and therewith the man passed on.

"Is Mrs Cairns alive?" asked Helen, with a trembling voice.

"Ay, to be sure she is," answered the lad she had first addressed. "Alive and life-like, and so's young master and missus."

Helen said no more, but seating herself on a stone, she gave way to her reflections—to her reflections? ay, and to her tears. Here was a bitter contrast—"Young master and missus!" She looked at her poor girl that stood beside her, and she thought of her boy in a jail, and of Richard, her husband, the love of her youth, dead; dead

of poverty, neglect, bad air, bad habits, and starvation dead, a pauper, and buried by the parish! It was too grievous to be borne; she started to her feet. "Go, Jane," said she; "go to that house and ask for your aunt; tell her who you are, and tell her that I have brought your thoughtless, proud, wicked mother; for I was proud once, Jane, very proud, and I wouldn't listen to the friend that would have saved me—tell her that I have brought your brother to a jail, and that I have led you to the brink of destruction, and ask her to save you; go on your knees and ask it; I know she will; and tell her!"

"But, mother," said Jane, almost alarmed at her vehemence, "don't you come to aunt too?"

"By and by—to-morrow," sobbed Helen. "Not to-night; bid her not seek to see me to-night; good-by, Jane—good-by—be a good girl, and mind your aunt; and remember—no, no, don't remember—forget your wretched mother!"

"But to-morrow you'll be sure to come, mother?"

"To-morrow—yes, to-morrow—good-by till then," and throwing her arms wildly about her child, she gave her a long, last kiss, and then, directing Jane towards the house, she turned away herself, and hastened along the road to London. The next day she was expected at her sister's house, and when she came not, was eagerly inquired for; but after she parted with her daughter, no one had seen her; and what became of her it is needless to inquire. Jane was saved, and passed a life of innocence and peace with her good aunt. She often said, in after life, that she thought the memory of her infant home, and of the wild flowers she used to gather in the Fairley Meadows, had preserved her from absolute corruption. She lived in the midst of vice and dirt; nothing met her eyes but what was sordid and wretched; but she knew there were beautiful objects in the world; she never saw a flower-pot in a window, that she did not remember the home of her childhood, and feel a vague desire that she might some day behold it again.

"We have many blessings to be thankful for," said David Cairns one evening to his wife, as they sat cogitating on past events, "and not the least is being able to afford an asylum to our unfortunate niece, who has had a warning to be careful which she will not easily forget. Oh! but if young people could reflect for a moment on the misery they are likely to incur, not only for themselves, but their children, by rushing headlong into marriage without almost a shilling they could call their own. As for Richard and your sister, what else could they expect than what actually took place? They married with next to nothing. Richard might have saved money whilst he was single, or waited to marry till he had; but when he took his wife home, I know that their furniture was not all paid for; and then, when they had good wages and good health, they lived up to whatever he earned. Did they suppose the course of the world was to be altered for them, and that they were to be exempt from the ups and downs that every workman meets with? The minister teaches us that we must not live as if there were no future beyond this world; but it would be a good thing if he would sometimes remind us that there is a future in this world too; and that if we don't make a provision for it, we have little chance of being happy, and almost as little of being virtuous; for destitution is a sad corrupter, and I believe both Richard and Helen meant well, and might have done well too, if they could only have remembered that the sun does not shine every day in the year, and that as rain follows fair weather, so does evil fortune succeed to good."

ENGLISH AND FOREIGN INNS.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Spectator* newspaper makes a serious complaint respecting the charges usually made at inns in England.

"On Monday last (he says) my niece and myself travelled to Portsmouth to embark the next day in a west of England steamer. We arrived about six in the evening, and put up at the inn where the coach stopped. We intimated our wish to take something in the shape of dinner, which we could have directly we were told a joint was then ready; and it was shortly put before us, with a pair of soles. Both of us being invalids, we made our dinner principally off the fish, and scarcely touched the joint; tea followed; and breakfast on the ensuing morning; the latter, with the addition of a not faultless egg (and of course put aside), and a modicum of some rusty bacon. We left the inn soon after nine, having been under the roof some fifteen hours, two-thirds of which were spent in our bed-rooms, and consequently we could not have given much trouble. Our inn bill amounted to £1, 11s.—the items are as follow:—

Dinners,	£0 10 0
Tea,	0 3 6
Candles, boots, &c.,	0 7 6
Breakfast and eggs,	0 3 0
Waiter,	0 1 6
Chambermaid,	0 1 6
Boots,	0 1 0
Porter,	0 1 0
	£1 11 0

Now for the contrast. I select one of my bills last autumn, when my niece and myself visited Dieppe and Boulogne; the bills of the Belgian innkeepers are rather less:—

Dinners, 3 francs each,	5 0
Coffee, 1 franc each,	0 10
Boots, 3 francs each,	3 4
Breakfast (including shrimp and eggs), 1½ francs each,	2 6
Servants (including waiter and chambermaid), 1 franc each day,	0 10
Boots and porter (optional)	0 8
	12 11

But I think I hear some of your readers exclaim, look at the quality of the articles supplied! Truly this ought to be done. I will put aside the questionable egg, and admit that the sole and beef were faultless. So much for my English landlord. Now for the French or Belgian innkeeper's bill of fare for dinner:—

Course 1st, Excellent soup.
Course 2d, Two or three different kinds of fish.
Course 3d, Beef, mutton, or veal; fowl or game.
Course 4th, Puddings, tarts, and different sweets, preserved fruits, &c.
Finale, an excellent dessert, worth all the money.

It is, of course, not possible for a continental innkeeper to furnish such a dinner as I have described for such a trifling sum to one or two customers. Truth, therefore, compels me to avow that my niece and myself, to enjoy the good cheer, were compelled to sit down at the same table with some twelve or fifteen ladies and gentlemen, all our equals, if not superiors in life—many of them foreigners, but the majority were English. You will pity our sad fate at not being enabled to dine in solitary dignity; yet, strange to say, we tolerated the society of each other so exceedingly well, that even the ladies lingered with us until it was time to dress for the *soirée*, or "danse"—the admission to which is one franc less to a family, and less still if you subscribe for a week.

All will agree with the writer of the foregoing observations, that the charges usually made at hotels in this country are monstrous, and quite unsuitable to the improved and cheap modes of locomotion by railways and steam-boats. From our own recollections, we should say that the expense incurred at a good continental inn is little more than what would require to be disbursed for servants at a hotel in England. On one occasion, not long ago, for the simple accommodation of tea, a night's lodging, and breakfast, in a hotel near Charing-Cross, we were charged, for two persons, L.1, 10s. 6d.—the actual value of the articles consumed being perhaps half-a-crown; out of the guineas and a half, the servants had 7s. 6d. We find it everywhere customary to charge from 3s. to 4s. for dinner, no matter although the meal consists of only a morsel of steak, or any similarly unexpensive trifle. There is, in short, no kind of moderation in the ordinary routine of inn charges in England; and the whole seems to be little better than a system of plunder; and like all other invasions on property, it doubtless reacts upon itself, and prevents thousands from travelling who would otherwise do so. That innkeepers, with the heavy burdens of rents and taxes which they must sustain, could lower their charges to what are customary on the continent, is not to be expected. But, short of this, they might greatly reduce their exactions, and much to their own advantage. If they do not, they may rest assured that new kinds of accommodation will spring up to meet the exigencies of the times. We should recommend, for example, that in all large seats of population, where there are railway termini, inns should be attempted on the continental plan—a house with from 150 to 200 bedrooms, each neatly but unexpensively furnished; a large saloon, in which all the meals are spread, at one or separate tables, and the charges to be arranged on the modern and now well understood principle of *small profits on an extensive and simple trade*. Capital, seeking for an outlet, might fall on less advantageous investments than an establishment of this nature.

PAPER-MONEY BORROWING.

THERE is too much truth in the following observations on the English bank paper borrowing; we copy from the *Britannia* newspaper:—

"There is one circumstance which has always preceded a season of distress, namely, a great issue of the paper circulation. Immediately before the panic of 1825, the Bank of England had lowered the rate of its discounts, and every other bank in the country probably followed its example. The country was thus flooded with imaginary wealth, and in six months after it was overwhelmed with almost universal bankruptcy. The facility of borrowing always creates rashness of speculation, and speculation founded on paper always ends in bankruptcy. Men borrow at will, and depend on chance for the power to pay. They use lightly what has lightly come; and the most trivial touch breaks the bubble.

This accounts for all the panics; but our more gradual distresses come from the same source. By an anomaly of the most singular kind, the law of England, while it transports a man for coining a sixpence in metal, allows him to coin millions in paper; nay, a man without a sixpence may forge millions of pounds, and possess himself of all that millions can give, provided that he can get his paper into circulation. But who will take it? Thousands and tens of thousands. The process is the simplest thing in the world, and has been practised hundreds of times. A bank is opened in a country town; an equipage, a handsome house, a carriage, all easily supplied on London credit, give the new firm an air of opulence. The surrounding dealers, in their difficulties, are supplied with paper, and they thus become its circulators. The neighbouring manufacturers are assisted in their casual pressures; and they, too, thus become its circulators. An estate in the vicinity is to be sold, it is purchased by the firm, and paid for in its paper. All this adds to its credit with the people. The farmer, the butcher, and the baker, all find themselves paid better as the banker distributes his paper more widely. Thus Adam Smith's definition of prosperity, "high prices, and those advancing," is realised in the country. Every one is growing rich. The gold mine has been discovered in the banker's

till; and it flows all day without any check from his conscience.

The process now extends. A piece of waste land lies outside the town. A speculator takes it, covers it with a manufactory, mortgages the building to the bank, and pays its price to the architect in paper. A hundred or a thousand weavers are gathered; and the peasantry are drained from the next villages; and cotton cloth is fabricated with the greatest possible rapidity. To insure a sale, the manufacturer must sell it at the lowest possible price; and to meet his expenses at that price, he must produce the largest possible quantity. The wheel of fortune goes round, and the danger of imminent ruin is forgotten in the noise of the whirl.

The transaction is now spread to every corner of the globe where men can give a commission for cotton. On a sudden a letter arrives to say, that a merchant in Australia has failed, or a storekeeper in Massachusetts has run away, or a shop of finery in Calcutta has been burned to the ground. The manufacturer is sensitive all round the terrestrial sphere; he has *tentacles* like the lobster in perpetual motion and perpetual sensibility. With the failure of his returns he is ruined. His mortgagees seize his manufactory; his workmen are flung loose on the world; and mischief and misery close the scene. But the discovery is soon made that the banker, too, is worth nothing. The creditors seize house, equipage, and land; the peasantry "run for gold;" and all is beggary and despair.

Yet what is all this but the exemplification of the common maxim, that "out of nothing nothing can come."

ADVENTURE AT CHAUD FONTAINE.

How annoying to be travelling in a country and ignorant of its language; how amusing to witness two beings, in other respects well-informed, well-educated, making forced grimaces to understand each other, without being able to guess at their mutual wants and wishes! During a flying visit to Belgium, Mr T— and his lovely wife stopped a couple of days at Chaud Fontaine, near Liege, so pleasantly situated in the valley of the Vesdre, and resembling in several of its most agreeable features our Matlock, though upon a smaller scale. They took up their quarters at the Hotel des Bains. On retiring for the night, the gentleman either fancying he was not at sleeping pitch, or else not feeling himself all right, resolved to line his night-cap with a stiff glass of grog, and rang the bell for that purpose; up came the attic nymph. "Que veut, Monsieur?" "Oh, ah; why, bring me a glass of brandy and water." "Qu'est ce, que c'est, Monsieur? Je ne parle pas Anglais." "Why, Frank," said his wife, laughing, "where is the use of talking English to the girl? she doesn't understand a word of it; she's staring at you in amazement." "Well," quoth the husband, "I believe you; but what the deuce am I to do? What a bore, not to be able to make one's self understood; I'm determined to learn French as soon as I return home. Come, Beasy, my dear, you speak it better than I do; pray tell her what I want, and bid her look sharp." "So I will, but cannot for the life of me call to mind what is the word for brandy; let me see. Oh, Mamsell, portez one glass d'eau" (pointing to a glass, and the water on the dressing-table). "Oul, oul, Madame, une verre d'eau." "Yes, oui; et un petty poor de chose dans it." "Une verre d'eau, et quelque chose dedans!" exclaimed the puzzled abigail, apparently at her wit's end, when all at once a light seemed to break in upon her—"Ah, que je suis bete! je comprends a cette heure, c'est une viellesse qu'on veut: je vais la chercher a l'instant," and out of the chamber she darted. "Now, Frank, what do you think of that?" said Mrs. T—, quite delighted with her profound knowledge of the French; don't you think I speak the language exceedingly well?" "Indeed you do, my love; I am astonished when and where you picked it all up." "Oh, don't be surprised at that; I have a natural talent for languages; and if I were to stay here a month, I should parley as well as the natives. But here comes the girl with your grog; don't let her come in; take it from her at the door." Accordingly the husband did as he was bid, took the glass, dismissed the maid with an approving nod, turned to his better half, who was just considering how two people were to sleep in such a narrow bed—"Here is my love to you Beasy." "Thank you, Frank; but pray leave a drop at the bottom." But oh, horrible! instead of a stiff glass of grog, it was a night light, for so the girl had understood the order. Poor Frank had nearly swallowed the whole, when he was stopped by the floating wick, and a most violent feeling of disgust. How shall I describe his loathing and his rage, or his wife's screams of laughter, which she could not repress, in spite of every effort, at her husband's ridiculous blunder? The poor fellow is now reconciled to the nasty joke, which, he says, was the fruit of his wife having a natural talent for learning languages.—*Times*.

THE SUBSCRIPTION FOR BURN'S SISTER.

September 29, 1842.

THE appeal made to the public in behalf of this interesting person was mentioned in the *Journal* a few months ago. We have now the pleasure of stating that the sum collected for her is of such amount as to secure her comfort for life. The sums sent in have been as follows:—

LONDON.		
Her Majesty, the Queen,	Collected by the Hon. C. Augustus Murray, Buck-	£50 0 0
Ingham Palace,		14 0 0
P. F. Tytler, Esq.,		1 0 0
A. Hastie, Esq., M. P.,		1 1 0
Collected by Mr Hastie—		
W. Jardine, Esq., M. P.,		£1 1 0
J. Jardine, Esq.,		1 1 0
J. Smith, Esq., Doncaster,		1 1 0
A. Stecker, Esq.,		1 1 0
W. J. Stephenson, Esq.,		1 1 0
J. Arnold, Esq.,		1 1 0
Dr A. Stewart,		1 1 0
R. Eglington, Esq.,		1 1 0
J. M'Clure, Esq.,		1 1 0
O. W. Halket, Esq.,		1 1 0
A Friend,		1 1 0
Additional,		2 0 0
		13 11 0

Thomas Carlyle, Esq., Chelsea,		1 0 0
Collected by Mr Carlyle—		
Mr Macready, for himself,		5 5 0
his children,		4 15 6
Mr Benyon,		2 0 0
Mrs Gaskill,		1 0 0
Mrs Reid,		1 0 0
		14 0 8
T. Monkton Milnes, Esq., M. P.,		1 0 0
Collected by Mr Milnes—		
The Duchess of Sutherland,		5 0 0
Lord Francis Egerton,		5 0 0
Mr Aldam, M. P.,		1 0 0
Mr Pusey, M. P.,		1 0 0
Sir Thomas Acland, M. P.,		2 0 0
Hon. Sidney Herbert,		1 0 0
Mr Dickinson, M. P.,		1 0 0
Hon. Dawson Damer, M. P.,		1 0 0
		17 0 0

George Thomson, Esq., Kensington (formerly of Edinburgh),		2 3 0
Collected by Mr Thomson—		
Sir Charles Forbes, of Edinglassie, Bart.,	10 0 0	
George Arbuthnot, Esq., of Elderslie,	5 0 0	
Dr James Fisher, Upper Bedford Place,	1 0 0	
Miss Eccles, London,	0 5 0	
Lady Holland,	1 1 0	
Colonel Fox,	1 1 0	
Miss Fox,	1 1 0	
Marquis of Tavistock,	1 1 0	
Sir Robert Adair, Bart., G. C. B.,	1 1 0	
David Dundas, Esq.,	1 1 0	
John Allen, Esq.,	1 1 0	
		23 12 0
John Wilson, Esq., 41, Regent Square,		3 0 0
Collected by Mr Wilson,		12 0 0
B. W. Procter, Esq.,		10 10 0
Thomas Tegg, Esq., Morning Advertiser Office,		10 0 0
James Grant, Esq., St Andrew's Place, Regent's Park,		1 1 0
John Platt, Esq., 3, St Andrew's Place, Regent's Park,		1 1 0
J. G. B.,		5 0 0
Rev. W. Bishop, Upton, near Reading, Berks,		2 0 0

LIVERPOOL.

Collected by John Welsh, Esq., 20, Maryland Street,	L.40 1 6	
Collected by John Taylor, Esq., 23, Upper Bedford Street,	27 15 0	
	67 16 6	
Deduct expenses,	18 6	
		65 18 0
Subscription at Sheffield, per John Fowler, Esq.,		4 0 0
C. B. Portmore, Esq., Solicitor, Derby,		5 0 0

EDINBURGH.

Hon. Lord Cunningham,		L.1 0 0
Sir Charles S. Montgomerie, Bart.,		1 0 0
J. W. Mackenzie, Esq., W.S.,		1 1 0
W. Patrick, Esq., 39 Albany Street,		1 0 0
Messrs Chambers, 330, High Street,		4 0 0
(Small subscriptions),		7 6

GLASGOW.

Collected by James Macfarlane, Esq.,		L.3 17 0
(Some further sums are expected from Glasgow.)		
AVONSHIRE.		
Claud Alexander, Esq., Ballochmyle,		L.2 0 0
Mrs Alexander, Ballochmyle,		2 0 0
Collected by Mrs Alexander—		
Lady Jane Hamilton,		L.1 0 0
Mr Hamilton,		1 0 0
Sir D. H. Blair, Bart.,		1 0 0
Mrs Ritchie,		1 0 0
Sir J. M. Beishane, Bart.,		1 0 0
Dr H. Blair,		1 0 0
Sir William Miller, Bart.,		1 0 0
Mrs Somerville,		1 0 0
Mrs Allison Cunningham,		1 0 0
Hon. Mrs Cathcart,		1 0 0
Smaller subscriptions,		6 0 6
		16 0 6
William Gibson, Esq., Greenfield, Ayr,		1 0 0
Collected by Mr Gibson,		8 9 0
Deduct expenses,		3 0 8
		5 8 4

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA.

Remitted by a committee, composed of the following gentlemen:—John M'Lean, George Escon, William Mackay, Alexander Bain, Donald Murray, Alexander M'Leod, John Gibson, John M'Dougall, Esquires,

Being, in all, rather more than three hundred and thirty pounds.

We propose to add not one word of comment to the above list; positively and negatively, it will speak for itself. We cannot refrain, however, from transferring to this place a passage of the letter to Mrs Begg, which accompanied the contribution of our noble little band of warm-hearted countrymen settled at Halifax, N.S.:—"It cannot be otherwise than gratifying to you and your friends to learn, that the veneration felt for the memory of your departed brother has excited so general and warm a sympathy among Scotchmen, for the misfortunes with which you have been visited. These, under the decrees of a wise and benevolent Providence, fall often upon the good and the virtuous, and are sent for purposes which, as they cannot be comprehended, ought to be submitted to with patience and resignation. We have reason to believe that these have fallen upon you quite undeservedly, and it therefore gives us pleasure to lend our aid in alleviating them so far as the goods of fortune are concerned. Had your lamented brother lived longer to reap the fruits of his well-earned fame, his countrymen in this place would have been proud to repay the honours he has conferred upon them by some substantial mark of their favour. Such a return to him is now impossible; but they are glad to have the present opportunity of testifying their gratitude to his memory, and trusting that you may long live to enjoy contributions so frankly and voluntarily given, and the consciousness of being an object of public respect and sympathy.—We are, &c."

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